No. 2763
Vol. CCXIII.

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THE SKETCH,
AUGUST 30, 1950

2/-

The Sketch

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

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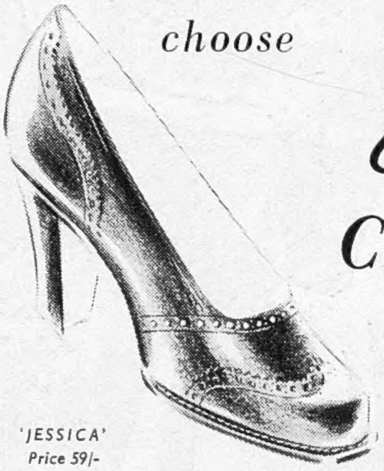

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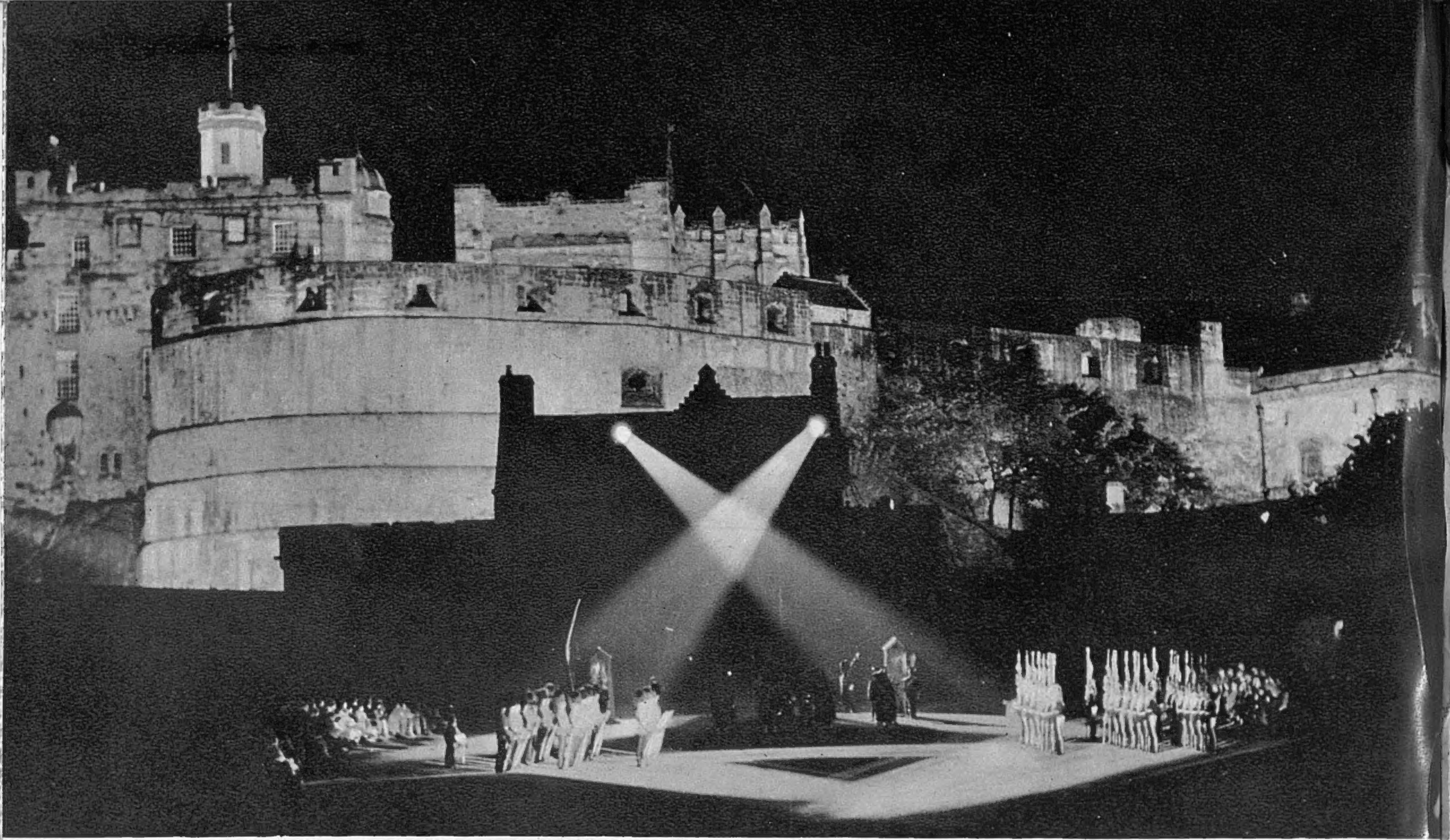
The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1950

FESTIVAL SOPRANO

SINGER Elizabeth Schwarzkopf is giving Lieder recitals at the Edinburgh Festival. She is also one of a group of international soloists singing with the London Harpsichord Ensemble in a series of concerts of chamber music.



EDINBURGH CASTLE—HISTORIC BACKCLOTH TO A MODERN FESTIVAL.

Sketch-Book

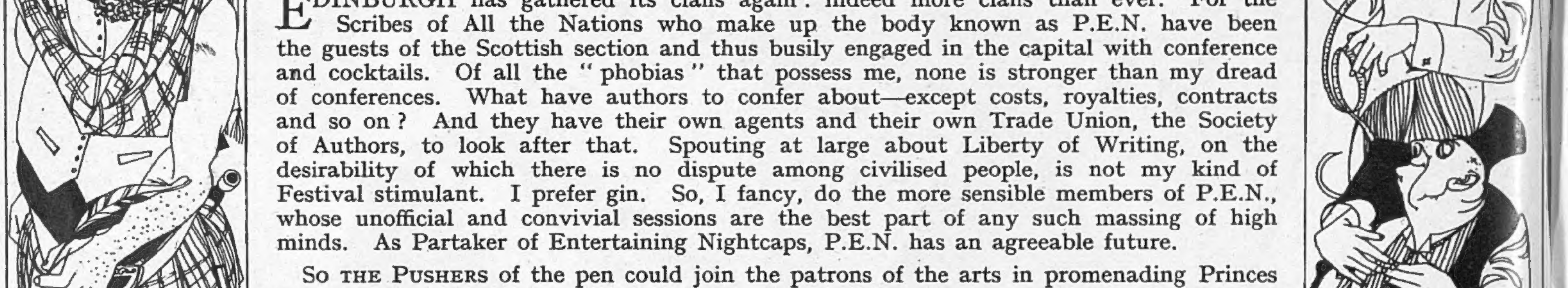
By Ivor Brown

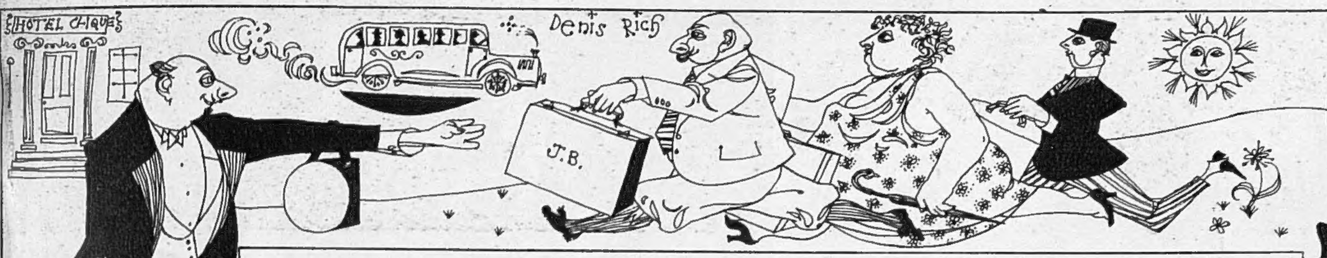
(Deputising for Beverley Baxter, on holiday)

EDINBURGH has gathered its clans again: indeed more clans than ever. For the Scribes of All the Nations who make up the body known as P.E.N. have been the guests of the Scottish section and thus busily engaged in the capital with conference and cocktails. Of all the "phobias" that possess me, none is stronger than my dread of conferences. What have authors to confer about—except costs, royalties, contracts and so on? And they have their own agents and their own Trade Union, the Society of Authors, to look after that. Spouting at large about Liberty of Writing, on the desirability of which there is no dispute among civilised people, is not my kind of Festival stimulant. I prefer gin. So, I fancy, do the more sensible members of P.E.N., whose unofficial and convivial sessions are the best part of any such massing of high minds. As Partaker of Entertaining Nightcaps, P.E.N. has an agreeable future.

So THE PUSHERS of the pen could join the patrons of the arts in promenading Princes Street (and if they had any sense, George Street, where the shops are just as good and the architecture far better) and selecting presents or mementoes. Undoubtedly the European and American visitors would go for something tasty in tartan, for there is quite a Tartan Boom across the Channel. The tartan dinner-jacket has even been seen in Monte Carlo. The clan-pattern favoured by the migrant peacock who wore it there was not disclosed. I suggest Clan MacArony. The word Macaroni for fop or dandy is, like Edinburgh's New Town, a charming relic of the Eighteenth Century: and the Full-Dressed Highlander is one of the few fops left in our drab world.

This is Clan MacArony's season both in Edinburgh and the Highlands. An eightsome reel danced in the brilliant panoply of the Clans blows a full Gael of haberdashery. Technicolour wilts before it. Fortunately, the demurely trousered hosts of the Penmen and Penwomen massed in Edinburgh had at least one splendid specimen of the Author in Full Blaze. There is no lack of mental or sartorial colour whenever Douglas Young of Dundee, as tall as a pine-tree, as bearded as Bloomsbury, as many-tongued as the Warden of Babel, poet and politician Classic goes leaping from one cultural crag to another in the glory of a kilt which is, I believe, his own invention. At any rate, no clan would confess to it.





In law any man can buy any tartan and wear it in public, just as a barrow-boy can sport any Club or School tie without fear of the magistrate. That suits the clothiers very well and they will not only sell you a tie or a philabeg of any tartan in stock without questions asked; the salesman will further assist the tourist to Highland status by producing a list of clan-names followed by the "septs" of the clans who are entitled to wear the various clan-tartans. The word sept seems to cover the fringe of a family and to cover it very generously. Should your name be mine, then, as one of the multitudinous Browns, you can wear the tartan of Lamont or Macmillan, the former dark, the latter red.

But there are Purists. Recently, being in the grip of Tartan Hunger and feeling that London First Nights would be the brighter if more critics wore the kilt—I have seen Mr. Alan Dent thus skirted in glory, but that was at a "Burns Nicht"—I suggested that since my mother's name was Carnegie I might have a kilt of that tartan (green base) as well as of Lamont and of Macmillan. (Why not go the whole MacArony?) This was one rebuke I received from an exact student of Proper Highland Conduct:

> Unfortunately, Mr. Brown cannot wear it (the Carnegie tartan). He can only do so if his mother, who was a Carnegie, was an heiress, without brothers, and he assumes the name of Carnegie.

Well, my mother was not an heiress, had brothers, and I am not changing my name. So that 's that. But I do not mind betting that Prince's Street would sell me a Carnegie kilt. Tailors don't care.

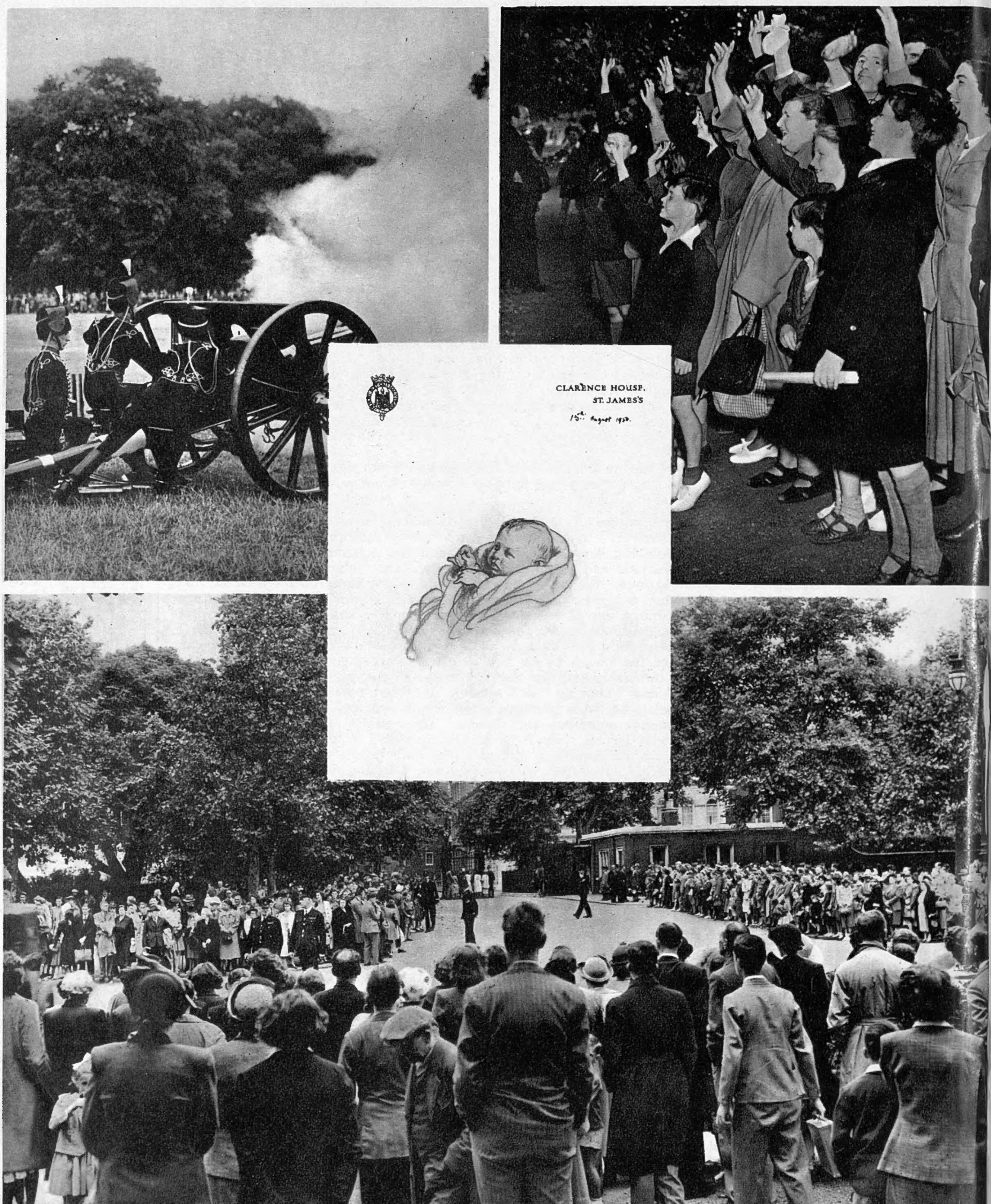
August and September are the hoteliers' months and hotels are a subject on which we all have violent views. I note that the three major motoring organisations, the Royal Automobile Club, the Royal Scottish ditto, and the A.A. are co-ordinating their arrangements for classifying and "appointing" hotels. The "star" system, long used by the A.A., is to continue. So far, so good. But have not these bodies been far too free and easy in giving recognition to sundry establishments which, when visited, turn out to merit nothing but a row of the blackest possible marks and remarks? I do not see how hotels can be listed for quality, because they depend so much on management: a fool of a manager can ruin a good hotel in three months, while a really capable one can pull a bad one out of the slough in six. So a mark awarded half a year ago means nothing at all. New ownership and new direction make all the difference.

All that "listing" and "starring" can sensibly do about hotels is to announce the number of rooms, rooms with baths (always too few in this country), garage arrangements, prices and other material amenities and details. The essence of the hotel, cooking, cleanliness, and personal service, cannot be accurately stated in a year-book because it is always changing. As for inspection of hotels, the only people competent to do this are keen-witted, unsparing housewives who would make lightning raids without any kind of warning and be permitted to go everywhere and see anything, including the cleanliness or otherwise of cooking utensils. There are some hotels which would endure, or even welcome, such a test. And I hope they are an increasing number.

All over Britain local committees are now organising their share of the Festival of 1951. I do not envy them, because everybody will want the best artists, and the best artists cannot be everywhere at once. Perhaps they cannot even be here at all. Both John Gielgud and Dame Edith Evans are off to America soon and, if they have big Broadway successes, which we all wish them, they will not know when they will be free. Edinburgh's trouble in Festival planning has been to get out in February a detailed programme for August. Prominent artists are, inevitably, uncertain and evasive folk: strolling players of old, they are now the flying saucers of their Muses, beckoned to and from New York, Hollywood, or London. Great companies like the Old Vic cannot announce stars and a complete programme a long way ahead. Foreign teams may well be slippery. They cannot make a guarantee to be free for Edinburgh in August or, if they do, they may break it. This kind of let-down has happened to Edinburgh before. So now, for its theatre section, it uses its own, more reliable, more get-at-able, more hold-down-able native players. By the partnership of the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre with the Edinburgh Festival the former is honoured and the latter well served. It will be generally agreed, I fancy, that in Duncan Macrae Scotland has another great comedian. On the dramatists' side the strength of Bridie and Linklater is already familiar.

It is prudent of Scotland thus to make the arts a magnet, for some of the old attractions are wearing thin. In a few years the salmon may have been finally and fatally poached out of many famous rivers by the joint employment of tough characters, potent chemicals, high explosives and speedy transport. Legislation to increase the present trifling penalties for poaching, which are utterly out-of-date when matched with the rewards of the crime, is always promised and never given. Who is going to rent empty rivers? And how many can afford to blaze away on a costly grouse-moor with cartridges at a tanner or so a smack? Banging the saxpence in this pursuit will soon cease to be a pastime even of the most gilded gunmen. So if to-morrow's Scotland cannot sell its moors to the sportive, it may well offer its Othellos to the æsthetic; its own Mr. Bridie—in Arbroath a Bridie is a meat-pie—is a national resource now far more profitable than the thirty-bedroom (plus Deer Forest) castles of the old Landseerian stag-parties. On the botanical side one may say that one "Daphne Laureola" is now worth many miles of heather.

Ivor Brown.



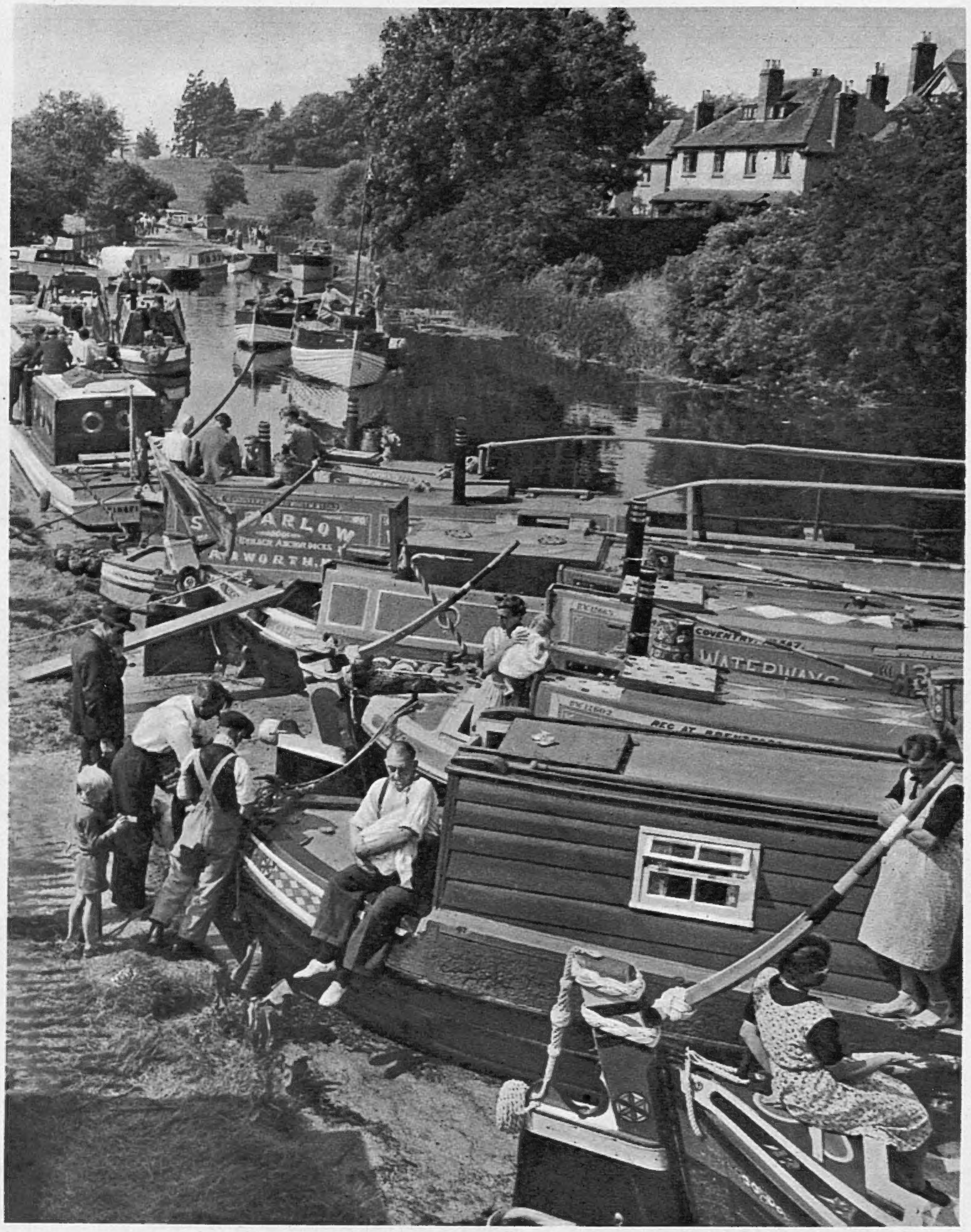
Welcome to Her Royal Highness, The Infant Princess, who was Born on August 15th.

Photographed by Baron.

Many Happy Returns to Princess Margaret, who Celebrated Her 20th Birthday on August 21st.

EDINBURGH HONOURS THE U.S. AMBASSADOR

AMONG distinguished visitors to Edinburgh was Mr. Lewis Douglas, U.S. Ambassador, who flew to the Scottish capital on the eve of the Festival, when he was the principal guest at the dinner of the International P.E.N. Congress. He was present at the Sunday afternoon inaugural service in St. Giles' Cathedral, after which he attended the reception of the English Speaking Union at Parliament Hall, and the opening concert of the Festival, on Sunday evening, at the Usher Hall. On the following day, Edinburgh showed its appreciation of his work as U.S. Ambassador by conferring on him two of its highest honours—the Honorary Degree of LL.D. at the University, and the Freedom of the City. Other functions which the Ambassador attended before flying back to London on August 23 included the reception of the Company of Merchants, City of Edinburgh, and the opening performance by the American National Ballet Theatre (see page 211).



RENDEZVOUS— MARKET HARBOROUGH

THE Market Harborough Festival and Rally of Boats organised by the Inland Waterways Association took place August 14 to 19, and the town for that week became gay with the brightly painted "narrow boats." The lower picture shows Dr. K. Shallcross Dickenson, whose boat won first prize for the best conversion of a narrow boat—it carries telephone, radio and even television.

The house party at Lochan : (L. to r.) Lord Forteviot, host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Burrell, Sir Stanley Norie-Miller, Mrs. N. Jardine Patterson, Miss Walter, Lady Forteviot, Mr. R. A. Walter, Mr. F. W. D. Douglas, Captain N. Jardine Patterson, Mr. John Douglas, Mr. David Walter, and Major George Finlay.

"Gin" gives her master, Lord Forteviot, the bird.

"THE TWELFTH"

THIS year's grouse-shooting season opened with a fine, warm day, and many parties were out bright and early on the Perthshire moors. Here are two of them—Mr. T. M. Burrell's from Lochan, and Mr. S. F. Peshall's —including some four-footed collaborators.

Mr. Peshall's party at lunch : (L. to r.) Captain T. C. S. Haywood, Mr. S. F. Peshall, Mr. Ivan Parr, Mrs. and Major Gemmell, Mrs. Oakley Beuttler, and Mr. Bligh Orr.

As the grouse are shot they are left on the ground to be loaded on to the pannier pony.

DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

AUGUST 5.

A children's Swimming Gala was held at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead. Left: Sitting by the edge of the pool are Deidre Child, Lady Child, wife of Sir John, Jeremy Child, Mrs. Aird Nesbitt and Victoria Nesbitt. Right: Snapped on the lawn are Lady Anthony Meyer with her son and daughter, Ashleigh and Carolyn-Clare, and (left) her mother, Mrs. Charles Knight.

SWIMMING GALA AT GUARDS' BOAT CLUB.

AUGUST 5.

Watching the polo at Cowdray Park, Sussex, where the Wimbledon Challenge Cup was being competed for, are (left) the Maharanee of Jaipur and Mrs. Anthony Acton, and (right) James Wilson, Robin Benson, Mrs. Euan Wallace and Mrs. Rex Benson.

POLO AT COWDRAY PARK.

AUGUST 5.

The Bembridge Sailing Club held its annual dance at the Club House, Bembridge, I.O.W. Left: Sitting it out in the open air are (l. to r.) Mrs. David Niven, Mr. T. Waddington, Mr. David Niven, and Mrs. R. Laycock, wife of Gen. Robert ("Lucky") Laycock. Right: The younger generation sample the ices (l. to r.), Mr. Colin Clive, Miss Virginia Barford, Mr. Richard Tatham and Miss Caroline Barford.

BEMBRIDGE SAILING CLUB DANCE.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE

CHURCHILL FLIES TO STRASBOURG.

POINTER TRIALS IN PERTHSHIRE.

AUGUST 6.

Mr. Winston Churchill was seen off by Mrs. Churchill at Biggin Hill aerodrome when he flew to Strasbourg to attend the Council of Europe. Before taking off he made an informal inspection of the 615 Squadron of Spitfires.

AUGUST 7.

The 23rd Pointer and Setter trials of the Scottish Field Trials Assn. were held at Cromlix, Dunblane, Perthshire. Advancing over the moor are (l. to r.) Mrs. J. Hall, Miss A. Huntington, and the Hon. Mrs. E. W. Eden.

AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

AUGUST 8.

A cheerful party on a dull day at Dublin Horse Show. (L. to r.) The Countess and Earl of Westmorland, Major V. McCalmont, Major L. Weaver, and the Hon. Mrs George Ward.

CEREMONY OF THE SEDAN CHAIR.

AUGUST 11.

The departure of the Royal Marines from Chatham, their traditional home in which they have occupied barracks since 1755, was marked by the ancient ceremony of the officers toasting the Commandant and carrying him in a sedan chair to his quarters. The ceremony normally takes place when a Commandant retires, but on this occasion formed the climax of the last full dress dinner in the Officers' Mess. The Commandant, Major-Gen. R. A. R. Neville, is seen on his way from the Mess to his quarters.

-BOOK

AUGUST 12.

There was a big attendance at the opening of the Bembridge Sailing Club Regatta. Watching from a vantage point on the beach near the clubhouse are (left) Mrs. Peter Laycock and Mrs. T. E. W. Waddington, and (right) Mrs. W. Towers-Clarke, Mrs. J. E. Mellor, and Col. C. Cockburn.

BEMBRIDGE REGATTA, I.O.W.

AUGUST 16.

D. Goddard and F. R. rown, respective captains the West Indian and nglish cricket teams, to- ther cut a cake in cele- ation of the final Test tch, which the visitors won by an innings and 6 runs at the Oval. Other mbers of both teams are looking on.

AFTER THE FINAL TEST MATCH.

AUGUST 16.

Mothers caddied for their ons in the Open Amateur unior Golf Meeting at the Burhill Club, Walton-on-Thames. Here are Master M. Emberton and his mother, Mrs. Emberton, and Mrs. Rowe and her son, Master N. S. P. Rowe, on the course.

AUGUST 16.

Lady Hambro pulled a lever and launched the 5000-ton motor vessel Blenheim from the Woolston shipyard, Southampton. The ship is for export to a Norwegian shipping line and will operate between Newcastle and Oslo.

JUNIOR GOLF MEETING AT BURHILL.

LADY HAMBRO LAUNCHES SHIP.

Candid Cameo

JAMES BRIDIE

By Moray McLaren

IT is a commonly held belief that Bridie, the famous playwright, is, in private life, a Glasgow doctor called O. H. Mavor. There is a substratum of truth in this, but there are two major errors in the assertion thus baldly stated. First: Dr. Mavor has for many years ceased practising in Glasgow or anywhere else. Second: Neither Bridie nor Mavor has any private life; or, if they do have any, neither has the exclusive use of it. Both, certainly in Scotland, are public characters.

Dr. Jekyll allowed himself in the end to be swamped by Mr. Hyde. Dr. Mavor is in no such danger. Bridie has a real affection and more than a sneaking use for Mavor. Not only does he keep him alive: he thrusts him to the fore. He encourages him to write articles and letters for the Press attacking this or defending that. He lets him make speeches, and pushes him on to committees where his highly distinctive voice is lively in the cut and thrust of debate. Unlike Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Dr. Mavor and Mr. Bridie share the same point of view. Mavor is the active and fighting partner in the dual personality; Bridie provides the theory and the propaganda power of fantasy. (As such his voice is not more powerful or more active than Mavor's, but it reaches further.)

What is this point of view? Roughly and painfully compressed, it may be said to be liberal, humane, anti-cant, anti-pedant, anti-conservative for conservatism's sake, anti-revolutionary for revolution's sake, and so on. This point of view is animated by affections, such as his irritable but ineradicable love for Scotland, and antipathies, such as his highly native dislike of certain schools of theology—affections and antipathies that are not always based on reason. All this makes him a very human and likeable person; but it arouses suspicious anger amongst extremists, who are infuriated by his "puckish" (inevitable word) agility in defending what they think indefensible and attacking what they think sacrosanct.

Jekyll and Hyde, it is true, shared the same body; so do Mavor and Bridie. But whereas Jekyll and Hyde transformed the appearance of their common flesh utterly when each inhabited it, Bridie and Mavor do not. Neither of them affects in the smallest degree the look of their jointly-owned, rather crotchetly humorous, sometimes benignantly humorous, shambling, kindly-visaged, quite unforgettable body which, when one sees it for the first time, reminds one of an amiable brown bear surprised wearing spectacles in a thicket.

Whether Mavor in the days of his practice was a brilliant man of medicine or not I cannot say. The period of his activity in this field is too remote for me to consult any of his patients. Nor do I take at more than their face value his own derogatory remarks about his medical skill. Other doctors sometimes rather grudgingly admit the excellence of his knowledge; but this may come from nothing more than the shock which most of us undergo when we see a playwright actually getting something—something that we really know about—correct upon the stage.

Two of Bridie's best-known plays revolve around medical themes —*The Anatomist* and *A Sleeping Clergyman*. They helped, both in Scotland and in London, to spread the news of the medico-*cum*-playwright dual personality. (Medical or psychological knowledge gained in medicine sometimes discovers itself in other plays, notably in the recent London success, *Daphne Laureola*.) But on the whole, and considering Bridie's prolific output for the stage, it is remarkable how little he has allowed Dr. Mavor to talk shop. Diabolism, theology, Scottish history, contemporary satire, and equally varied themes have formed the subjects of his other plays.

His main fault is not—despite the parrot cry to the contrary—that he cannot finish a last act, but that, if I may so put it, he funks deep emotion. Whenever the writing of a scene becomes to him too poignant, he avoids it by the use of some device. His main virtue is a truly surprising gift for humorous mysticism: for showing us a human character in a laughable or peculiar light, and at the same time looking behind that character, so that one perceives the essential and sometimes even transcendent qualities that lie there. This is a gift which Irish and Russian writers often possess; the Scots sometimes. It is not very English; and this may be the reason why that extremely mystical farce, *Gog and Magog*, which some of us in Scotland consider to be Bridie's most truly moving play, was a flop in London. Still, he can't (and most certainly doesn't) complain of the English. That most amiable if somewhat ruthless race has been more than kind to him.

Some people find his manner abrupt, "Scotch," and contradictory. I don't: I find it quite charming. But then I'm not English. I have long got over his habit of instantly opposing any point of view I express. His highest flight in this manner was when he said, in my presence, that *all* the food in *the whole* of France was *entirely* inedible. I have even learned to take with a pinch of salt his abuse of all modern Roman Catholic fiction writers, who, he says, have "cashed in on the sense of sin." If ever a conversation with Bridie flags, just mention the names of Evelyn Waugh or Graham Greene and then sit back. He will do the rest. But then I have heard him (when he thought I wasn't listening) loudly praising Johnny Morton—"Beachcomber" of the *Daily Express*.

Ever since he ceased the practice of medicine and "commenced playwright," he has moved from one to another of a bewildering succession of houses in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. Some of his most violently querulous remarks have been made about Scotland and the Scots, but nothing would induce him to live outside Scotland, which he loves with an angry ardour. Contrariwise, some of his kindliest remarks have been made about the English, but nothing would induce him to live in England, for which he has a warm and tolerant affection and admiration.

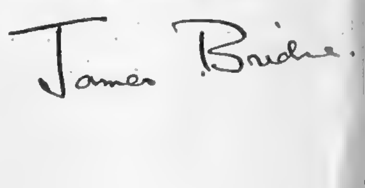
In his peregrinations he has been accompanied by his charming wife Rona (Mrs. Mavor sounds pompous, and Mrs. Bridie too fantastical), thus supporting the admirable tradition of Scottish literary men choosing or being chosen by excellent women—see my recent remarks in these pages anent the man Eric Linklater.

Bridie has many friends and few enemies, though he puzzles and irritates as well as inspires the anti-prophet-in-his-own-country jealousy of some. He is, in fact, not only a kind man but an actively kind one. The number of younger writers and stage people whom he has helped in Scotland could be marched past in a battalion with him taking the salute. It would tickle his sense of humour to see us all on the march together. It might even gratify him a little. It is a ceremony I should like to organise one day.

★

Who . . . Me?

"'OD'S life," said Austin Dobson (didn't he ?), "must one swear to the truth of a song?" . . . And, with the Law of Libel what it is and the Law of Friendship what it was, there is no need to corroborate or to deny a Cameo. I have known Moray McLaren for many years and I am glad to find that I have made on him, roughly, the impression I intended to make.



Photographed by Angus McBean.

THE JEKYLL AND HYDE OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE: JAMES BRIDIE

Photographed by Angus McBean

PRODUCING *ARIADNE AUF NAXOS* AT EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

PROFESSOR CARL EBERT, Glyndebourne's Artistic Director, is producing the company in one of the most exciting events of the Edinburgh Festival—Richard Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*. This one-act opera by Hugo von Hofmannsthal is conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham ; the designs are by Oliver Messel. Carl Ebert holds the Chair of Opera at the University of Southern California—the first of its kind in America—which was created and offered to him immediately after last year's Edinburgh Festival.

Each evening during the Festival, Sundays excepted, massed bands, pipers and Guardsmen go through the paces of a Military Tattoo on the Esplanade before the floodlit Castle.

THE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL
OF MUSIC AND DRAMA

EDINBURGH—1950

From the City Chambers in procession walked the civic chiefs of Scotland, down the historic, cobbled High Street to St. Giles' Cathedral, for the opening Service which inaugurated the Festival.

FESTIVAL FUNCTIONS

THESE incidental scenes at the opening involve Mr. Lewis Douglas, the popular American Ambassador, and his wife, and the ritual procession to St. Giles' Cathedral, on August 20.

At the Parliament House reception after preliminary ceremonies Mr. Lewis Douglas received a woman Councillor in cocked hat and scarlet gown. Behind her, the Lord Provost, Sir Andrew Murray; to the right the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lord Wakehurst.

Miss Rodney Murray, Lady Provost of Edinburgh, watched Mrs. Douglas, wife of the American Ambassador, examining the casket and scroll presented to Mr. Lewis Douglas after he had received the Freedom of the City. An earlier page shows a portrait of the Ambassador.

Meeting-place for classical and modern in *The Queen's Comedy*, James Bridie's new play. It is based upon an Olympian intrigue recounted in the *Iliad*. Sonia Dresdel plays Juno ; Walter Fitzgerald plays Jupiter.

FESTIVAL TRIO

HERE are pictures of three plays new to the Festival—two of them (top and right-hand) are world premières, both specially written for the occasion ; on the left a Scottish classic, all presented at the Royal Lyceum Theatre by the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre in association with the Arts Council. Tyrone Guthrie produces *The Atom Doctor* ; John Casson produces *Douglas* ; and they are co-producers of *The Queen's Comedy*.

Sir Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike as Lord and Lady Randolph in the eighteenth-century play *Douglas*, by John Home, first produced in 1756. Centre : their son John Casson, the producer.

Eric Linklater's *Atom Doctor*—" a satire of the commonwealth of modern rogues and dupes "—has for stars Patricia Burke as Connie May, and Duncan Macrae as Professor Mortimer, an entertaining quack.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL 1950

Specially written for *The Sketch* by J. C. TREWIN, and drawn by ANTONI WASILEWSKI

I. — The Setting

The Lord Provost, Sir Andrew Murray

FOR yet another year the Athens of the North makes festival: the fourth International Festival of Music and Drama. People crowd the pavements of Prince's Street in an endless, moving frieze. Across the valley, the enchanted skyline of the Old Town, with the Crown of St. Giles' in its midst, leads the eye up the Royal Mile to the Castle Rock which, floodlit at night, rises like a great shout above Edinburgh.

There is no more dramatic city. Certainly, there is none into which it is more exciting to emerge after play or concert, on some fine night when the air is clear, the shadows are deep and, to the imaginative, Scotland's history is all about them. (There is also, for the less rhapsodical, good company under the chandeliers of the Festival Club.)

This season, 250,000 people are expected to attend the performances; and many more will be receiving Edinburgh as a guest in their homes: broadcasting arrangements are elaborate. Half-a-dozen famous orchestras, two operas, much ballet, new plays by James Bridie and Eric Linklater, the company of the Old Vic in *Bartholomew Fair*, choral and chamber concerts, an important Rembrandt exhibition, films, Highland games: no visitor to Edinburgh can be expected to see and hear everything, though I gather that many people are doing their best.

As in the last two years, Sir Andrew Murray, Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh, is Chairman of the Festival Society, of which John Reid is the Hon. Secretary and Administrative Director. There is no more forcible and charming personality in Edinburgh than its Lord Provost. A year ago he said: "It is not a Festival for the musical or the artistic snob. . . . It has a deeper significance and a prouder purpose. It is a Festival for all in search of beauty." Sir Andrew should be a happy man as he moves now in his crowded, luminous city of flags and flowers, where so many of the world's major artists are proving, as Max Beerbohm said once in effect, that beauty is not yet a word outmoded.

Ian Hunter, the Artistic Administrator of the Festival, is a Scot who was educated in Edinburgh, at Fettes. During the war, he served in the North African and Italian campaigns, and was demobilised in 1946 as a lieutenant-colonel. During 1947-49 he assisted Rudolf Bing in the artistic direction at Edinburgh and, in July 1949, he succeeded to the throne at the age of thirty. I doubt whether any artistic administrator has had a more crowded three weeks to administer in a city which, during the first days—as Ivor Brown has said—with the meeting of the International P.E.N., the opening of the Festival, "and a bit of Unesco intervening," was packed as never before.

When the Festival set out on August 20, with the customary service in St. Giles', I suspect that Messrs. Reid and Hunter were thinking about next year.

Ian Hunter

L. to r.: James Bridie and Eric Linklater

II.—The Drama

LAST year the theatrical talking-point of the Festival was Eliot's *The Cocktail Party.* This year three of the four plays are Scottish. The fourth is by Ben Jonson; and Scots can here remember Jonson's stay with Drummond at Hawthornden and the fact that one of the best modern books about him, *Ben Jonson and King James,* was written by a Scotsman, Eric Linklater.

Mr. Linklater's *The Atom Doctor* is one of the new plays at the Festival, and is presented by the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, now the main force on the Scottish stage. *The Atom Doctor* is based on a theme by Jonson; it has a modern setting in a Scottish city and, although Linklater does not say expressly that the city is Edinburgh, the cap seems to fit.

There are important guest artists in the Citizens' Theatre plays. Thus Sonia Dresdel, who for so long has had no part to exercise her full powers, and Walter Fitzgerald are in *The Queen's Comedy,* by James Bridie; Patricia Burke is in *The Atom Doctor* (with Scotland's own major, home-bred artist, Duncan Macrae); and Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson are to appear in John Home's tragedy, *Douglas.*

James Bridie (Dr. Osborne Mavor, of Glasgow) is one of the most prolific dramatists of his day: on another page of this issue, Moray McLaren—himself a distinguished Edinburgh personality—writes of him in a "Candid Cameo." In the last issue of *The Sketch,* Mr. McLaren similarly presented Eric Linklater, the novelist and dramatist from Orkney.

The Bridie and Linklater plays are directed by Tyrone Guthrie, leading producer in the British theatre and for some years administrator of the Old Vic. Edinburgh thinks of him as producer of *The Three Estates* and *The Gentle Shepherd.*

Douglas, which opened the second week of Festival, is now nearly two centuries old. It is the play by a Scottish clergyman, John Home, that was staged originally in Edinburgh during 1756, and at Covent Garden in 1757. It caused a sensation in its time and made a line-and-a-half historic. There is no special reason (except, maybe, the alliterative jingle) why the words should have lived as they have done; but most people know the phrase:

> My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
> My father feeds his flocks. . . .

even though they have little idea of the tragedy from which it comes. Mrs. Crawford, Peg Woffington and Mrs. Siddons all acted in *Douglas* in their day.

George Devine has produced the Old Vic Company in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (a notice of which appears in this issue) on the platform stage of the Assembly Hall, that last year was gay with the banners of *The Three Estates.* Messrs. Eliot and Fry might be interested in an observation by Mr. Justice Overdo: "I begin shrewdly to suspect . . . the young man of a terrible taint, poetry! with which idle disease, if he be infected, there 's no hope of him."

Benjamin Britten

George Devine

Tyrone Guthrie

Carl Ebert

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL 1950

Specially written for *The Sketch* by J. C. TREWIN, and drawn by ANTONI WASILEWSKI

III.—The Music

Three impressions of Sir John Barbirolli.

ANY attempt to get the Festival music into 500 words must faint and die. Between the trumpet fanfare at St. Giles' on August 20 and the last flourishes on the Esplanade, Edinburgh becomes the musical centre of the world. The famous La Scala Orchestra, soloists and chorus from Milan (under Victor de Sabata and Guido Cantelli) are performing three Requiems, by Mozart, Verdi and Brahms.

Other orchestras include the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, under Roger Désormière, with Sir Thomas Beecham as guest conductor; and a Danish orchestra, the Statsradiofonien from Copenhagen, under Dr. Fritz Busch, specialist in Mozart, and Erik Tuxen, whose gramophone records are internationally famous. It will play the Fifth Symphony of Carl Nielsen, a Danish composer. Three great British organisations in the Festival are the Hallé, under Sir John Barbirolli; the Royal Philharmonic, under Sir Thomas Beecham; and the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, under Ian Whyte.

Sir Thomas, lion of British music, is having an uncommonly busy Festival. He may be found on the Castle Esplanade at the end of the season, conducting Handel's "Music for the Royal Fireworks"; and he is also directing the Royal Philharmonic in its accompaniment to the Glyndebourne revival (at the King's Theatre) of Richard Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, to be presented in full for the first time since 1912: Sir Thomas conducted on that occasion also.

This opera, with libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, forms the last act of a version, condensed for Strauss, of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, with incidental music and ballet. The opera, to be sung in the original German, takes place as an entertainment provided for his guests, by M. Jourdain, the Bourgeois Gentleman. Earlier in the evening, we have Miles Malleson's English version of the spoken parts: Malleson, as we know from his work on *The Miser* and *Tartuffe*, has a gift for unstarching and rendering speakable the buckram-stiffness of most modern versions of Molière. It will be seen that the *Ariadne* evening (with ballet under Marie Rambert and scenery and costumes by Oliver Messel) is a complex business. Professor Carl Ebert, Glyndebourne's Artistic Director, who produces, also directs *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which Ferenç Fricsay, a brilliant young Hungarian, is conducting.

Sir John Barbirolli, who comes with the Hallé, conducted at last year's Festival, against doctor's orders. He was invited to become conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the highest salary ever paid to an English conductor, but he turned it down in order to stay with the Hallé. He was once resident conductor of the Scottish Orchestra, and later went to the U.S.A. and the Symphony Orchestra of Boston.

What else? We are reduced to breathless catalogue: Haydn's *The Seasons*; a vast number of recitals, including a *lieder* recital by Benjamin (*Grimes*) Britten and Peter Pears; and seasons by two celebrated ballet companies: the Ballet Theatre Incorporated, of New York, in an American programme, and the Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo (Compagnie du Marquis de Cuevas) in classical ballets. Ballet Theatre has not appeared in Europe since 1946. Rosario and Antonio ("Dances of Spain"), who arrive in the last week of the Festival, are Spanish dancers, cousins from Seville, neither of whom is yet thirty: they have been dancing together in public performances for twenty-two years. On, then, with the dance!

IV.—The Artists

SOME years ago, in London, the Forbes-Robertson family gave what it called a "Clan" performance. The indefatigable Casson family might say the same of *Douglas*, in which the company includes Sir Lewis Casson, who will be seventy-five on October 26, as Randolph; Dame Sybil Thorndike (Casson) in the Siddons' rôle of Lady Randolph; and their son-in-law, Douglas Campbell, husband of Ann Casson. John Casson produces.

There are other London names in the Festival plays; but Edinburgh has special pride in Duncan Macrae (Professor Mortimer in Linklater's *The Atom Doctor*), who has become Scotland's leading actor. He has played at the Citizens' since 1943. Edinburgh recalls him in *The Three Estates* and *The Gentle Shepherd*; many in London remember the long, expressive face, the bright eyes, and the weaving hands, when he came to the Embassy in the intimidating Scots version of a Molière play, *Let Wives Tak Tent*. Over the Forth, at Dunfermline, such fine artists as Barbara Couper and Ernest Thesiger appear at Dunfermline Abbey in Robert Kemp's chronicle, *The Saxon Saint*, which, though not "an integral part" of the Festival, is a valuable supplement to it.

Personalities in the music programmes jostle each other. Nathan Milstein, who appears with the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, and who will also give a solo recital, is one of the world's leading violinists, a Russian by birth and American by adoption, aged forty-five. Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, a song recitalist of international fame, gives the first performance in Britain of a new version of Hindemith's *Das Marienleben*.

Victoria de los Angeles, the celebrated soprano who sang at Covent Garden last winter, has had less than six years as a concert singer; she comes from Barcelona. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, who has made her reputation since the end of the war, established her position as one of the world's first operatic singers, when she was invited to sing at Covent Garden in 1947. At Edinburgh she gives a *lieder* recital; she specialises in the songs of Hugo Wolf.

William Primrose, the Scottish viola player (a Glasgow man), joins Clifford Curzon in a recital of sonatas for piano and viola, and also gives, with the Hallé, the first European performance of Bartok's Concerto for viola and orchestra.

Claudio Arrau, the pianist, who came to the Usher Hall on August 27, is a Chilean, one of whose ancestors was a Scottish explorer of the Elizabethan age, Sir Archibald Campbell; Arrau gave his first official recital in Santiago de Chile at the age of five (in 1908); he has now a street named after him there. Some of the ensembles at Edinburgh include three such famous string quartets as the Loewenguth, from France; the Budapest, and the Griller. Ten programmes by the London Harpsichord Ensemble, entitled "Bach and his Contemporaries," commemorate the bicentenary of the composer's death.

So we go on. Pierre Fournier, Ernest Lush, Kathleen Ferrier, Lady Beecham, the Quintette à Vent de l'Orchestre National, Emil Telmányi, Franz Osborn, Max Rostal, Dennis Brain; various distinguished operatic singers; equally honoured ballet dancers (Marjorie Tallchief, Rosella Hightower). . . .

Where do we stop? With a final despairing cry of "E. and O.E.", I hurry you to the Castle Esplanade during the hour before midnight on September 9, to Handel's "Music for the Royal Fireworks," and to the last glories in the Edinburgh sky.

Patricia Burke and Duncan Macrae in *The Atom Doctor.*

Sonia Dresdel and Walter Fitzgerald in *The Queen's Comedy.*

Marjorie Tallchief, ballerina.

Sir Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike in *Douglas.*

Heather Stannard tries on the costume for her part as Grace Wellborn, watched by the cutter, Jane Nunn.

Members of the Production Staff of the Old Vic fit up the Toy-Seller's Booth, part of the setting of *Bartholomew Fair*.

Below: Assembling and putting the last touches to the various stalls before dispatching the completed set to Edinburgh.

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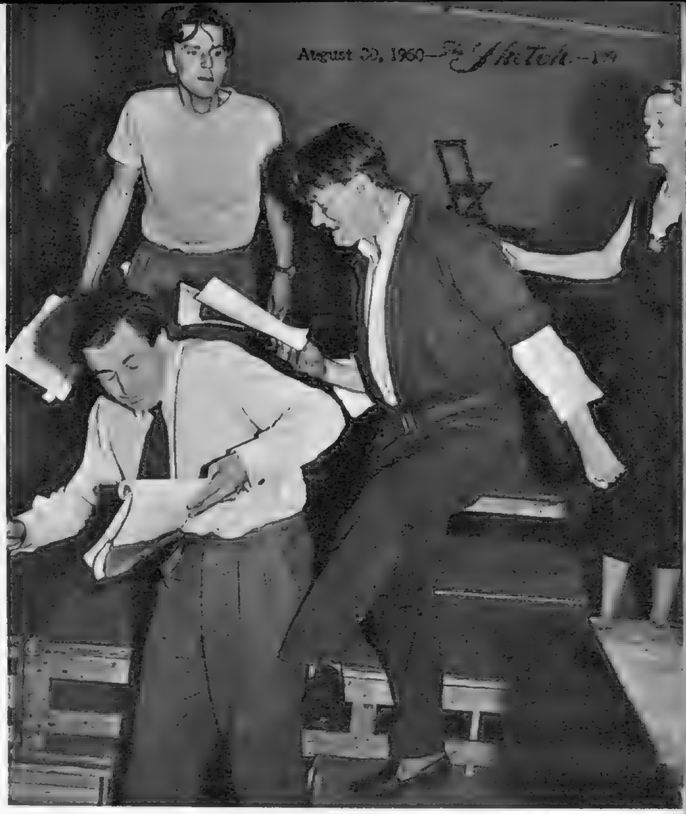
Discussion : Producer George Devine (standing) with some of the cast. (L. to r.) Alec Clunes, Robert Eddison, Heather Stannard and Ursula Jeans.



Action : Alec Clunes kicks Rupert Davies during rehearsal of Ben Jonson's brawling comedy. Robert Eddison looks on.

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Below: General view of a scene in rehearsal. George Devine is nearest the camera ; Alec Clunes yawns on the steps ; Ursula Jeans and Heather Stannard sit on the box.

AT THE THEATRE . . .

Old Stagers

GOLDEN CITY (Adelphi).
An admirable musical play of the South African Gold Rush in the 'eighties.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

ACE OF CLUBS (Cambridge).
Minor Coward — but with the Juvenile Delinquents.

MISTER ROBERTS (Coliseum).
A Pacific voyage with the vast Coliseum stage as an American Navy cargo ship and Tyrone Power as its gallant mate.

WORM'S EYE VIEW (Comedy).
R. F. Delderfield's long-distance piece, now in its fifth year, runs towards the 2000th performance.

TRAVELLER'S JOY (Criterion).
Yvonne Arnaud continues to gurgle through a Swedish holiday that has now lasted for more than two years.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry, and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
Mr. Eliot's homily in verse, which is the talking-point of the summer season.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

TOUCH AND GO (Prince of Wales's).
A flashing Anglo-American revue with the virtue of brevity.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Princes).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

OKLAHOMA! (Stoll).
After three years it is still a Beautiful Mornin' in one of the most famous musical plays of our time.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace).
If you like the Crazy Gang, here it is—in full craziness.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

★ First Choice ★

"BARTHOLOMEW FAIR"

(Edinburgh Festival)

O RARE Ben Jonson! During most of the present century the inscription on Jonson's tomb in Westminster Abbey might have been taken in two ways. Jonson was praised, but seldom played. Then *Volpone* came back; the Old Vic did its distinguished *Alchemist*; and now, on the platform stage of the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, the Old Vic again gives homage to Jonson with a revival of the joyous shout of *Bartholomew Fair*. "It is an excellent play," Pepys wrote of it in 1668; "the more I see it the more I love the wit of it." After seeing and hearing it in Edinburgh, appropriately in the week of the Fair (for St. Bartholomew's Day is August 24) we can understand why Pepys approved. We can also understand why Jonson himself, in 1614, called his piece "merry and as full of noise as sport."

The Fair will be set up in the Waterloo Road before the year is out. Meanwhile, Edinburgh is enjoying its sight of the extraordinary riot of a piece which has as much sustained gusto as any play in the British theatre; it is one of the royal flush of our comedies. In performance, as in a reading of the text, we are conscious of the life that pulses so fiercely through the whole play. To-day, when the stage is frequently content with little two-by-four wickerwork comedies, fluttering trivialities without spirit or resource, *Bartholomew Fair* is like a great, gusty wind that blows from another world.

The play shines with good acting parts. There is Overdo (Roger Livesey), the Justice in disguise who observes: "I, Adam Overdo, am resolved . . . to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine own discoveries. . . . Many are the yearly enormities of the Fair. But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid enormities. . . . On Junius Brutus." Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o' the Hill, in the County of Middlesex (Robert Eddison), is the amiable booby attended by the petulant "Numps," Humphrey Waspe (Alec Clunes). Zeal-of-the-Land Busy (Mark Dignam) is the "superlunatical hypocrite"—it is Overdo's phrase; Dan. Jordan Knockem (William Devlin) is the ranting horse-courser; and there is a fine medley to people the Fair: a gamester, a toyman, a cutpurse, a ballad-singer, a tapster, a bully, a beadle, a wrestler, a gingerbread-man, a pig-woman, and only Jonson knows what else. George Devine, with Motley's decoration, has run these together with a sharp delight, and members of the Old Vic Company add their relish to Jonson's in what is said to be the first recorded performance by a professional company since 1731.

Esmond Knight as Quarlous

William Devlin as Knockem

Alec Clunes as Waspe

. . . with J. C. TREWIN

Roger Livesey as Overdo

Ursula Jeans as Dame Overdo

Mark Dignam as Busy

"CAPTAIN CARVALLO"

(St. James's)

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE audiences of the 'nineties, who took Ruritania seriously, might not have known what to make of *Captain Carvallo*, in which Denis Cannan (until almost the end of the evening) is as cheerful about Balkan warfare as Shaw was in *Arms and the Man*. The play is unashamedly escapist—and really, why not? Cannan calls it a "traditional comedy." This is, I suppose, as good a description as any of the night spent in (or near) a farmhouse billet by Captain Carvallo and his batman. The author has not united his romantic comedy, his satire, and his farce. The plot bobs and flickers about, but generally it is good fun; the dialogue has substance and style, and Richard Goolden, with that ambling, testy-sheepishness of his as a farmer who is a partisan-evangelist, and Peter Finch, as a professor of biology forced to run counter to all his beliefs, enjoy themselves briskly in the farcical to-and-fro. Mr. Finch presents the part as we imagine Olivier himself might act it, with a kind of rueful concentration.

Carvallo, with geranium, is a pleasant light romantic rôle that James Donald touches off with much charm. Diana Wynyard, in the unlucky position of having no part to speak of—the author seems to have forgotten her—looks beautiful and creates a part by force of personality. Thomas Heathcote, Jill Bennett and Anthony Pelly are all fully in the mood, though I must confess that in the first few minutes, when Mr. Pelly, as a comic Baron, tumbled from his chair, I began to wonder what sort of play *Carvallo* would be. No matter: the author and his cast soon conquered. The skill of Sir Laurence Olivier's production was everywhere evident.

★

"THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED"

(Phœnix)

I HOPE the audience did. Playgoers round me seemed to have everything they wanted. At first I was not sure about joining them. Louis D'Alton's people in this comedy from the Abbey Theatre appeared to be the usual types; but the piece developed at length into chuckling farce, with the purl of Irish speech to help what, in plain English, might have been a little laboured. We are in Eire's deep South. There a family called Murnaghan suddenly discovers the joy of living upon unlimited credit; thanks to a breeze of judiciously-encouraged rumour, the whole town is at the Murnaghans' feet for a blithe six weeks. We revel especially in the defeat of a cunning "gombeen man" whom Liam Redmond presents with the aid of one of the most expressive Irish voices in our theatre.

Next Stage

DURING August 1949 we went to *Buoyant Billions* at Malvern, imagining—rather rashly—that this must be Shaw's last play. We should have known better. G.B.S. is only ninety-four and he is still full of fight. "As long as I live I must write," he said in the preface to *Buoyant Billions*; and now here is a new work, *Far-Fetched Fables*, which contains five conversation-pieces and a monologue, and will be produced on September 6 at the Watergate in association with the Shaw Society. Esme Percy is to produce and act in what is described as a post-atomic play with a deeply philosophical background. Ellen Pollock will also appear; costumes and projection designs are by Feliks Topolski; and there will be two performances a night for a two-weeks run. Nor is this the last. G.B.S. is working meanwhile on another new play, a light comedy, *Why She Would Not*.

BACK AGAIN.

Two revivals of much interest are those of *Home and Beauty* and *The Old Ladies*. The first, which opens at the Arts to-morrow (August 31), is Maugham's farcical comedy, which dates from 1919; Hugh Burden and Brenda Bruce are in the new cast. The second is Rodney Ackland's version of Hugh Walpole's novel, performed in 1935 at the New and St. Martin's. Mary Jerrold and Jean Cadell will play their original parts at the Lyric, Hammersmith, early in October, and Mary Clare will be seen in the terrifying part which Dame Edith Evans created. Frith Banbury directs: the first producer was John Gielgud, who said in *Early Stages* that he will "always look back on it with pride and affection. It was the production in which I was able to carry out most fully my original intentions."

WEATHER REPORT.

I am told that, up to August 15 in this so-called "fitful" summer, only 19 performances out of 102 in the Open Air Theatre had been troubled by the weather. Nine complete performances were given in the tent and ten others began in the open and finished inside. (These figures may have been affected, of course, during the last fortnight.) Next year Robert Atkins is to devote the whole of his season to a special large-scale "Festival" production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which he appears as Bottom.

GETTING AROUND.

The American National Ballet Theatre opened a two-weeks season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on August 28, immediately after their short Edinburgh season. . . . During November Henry Sherek will stage at Brighton, before West End production, a new play called *Return to Tyassi*, by Benn W. Levy, with Constance Cummings in the leading part; Mr. Levy produces.

Accent on Youth

ON THE FIRTHS OF CLYDE AND FORTH

SEA-MINDED young Scots of both sexes are lucky to have several progressive clubs—situated along the firths, well-loved sailing stretches—which are anxious and willing to encourage their younger members. The Royal Clyde Y.C., for instance, recently formed a Cadet and Small Boat section with four club boats of the Loch O.D. Class, in which teen-agers may master the fundamentals of racing tactics. In these boats (top right-hand, seen lined up at their H.Q. off Hunter's Quay) they join the hot little fleet of seventeen or more 21-footers in the regattas.

Under the guidance of Mr. "Bob" Campbell, team races are organised with other clubs. A promising cadet, winner of last year's Dodo Salver—the Cadet Championship—Denis Jackson (left and below) sails his father's Dragon *Arabis II.*, during the Clyde Fortnight.

Down Granton way, west of Leith, three clubs promote racing and cruising in the Firth of Forth. One, the Royal Forth Y.C., perhaps the most live in the country, encouraging its young members in the arts of seamanship, organises regattas in the summer, holds winter sales of surplus gear. The 1946 handful of cadet members has risen to 100, and the keenest of them build their own craft.

Two such are the dinghies *Fluff* and *Winkle* (opposite, bottom right), both owner-built. *Fluff* (below, left) manned by brothers William and John Darling, with Michael Pollett, is got ready for a race in Granton harbour. Bottom left, right-hand page, is Jim Hunter in his handy 12-ft. centreboard dinghy.

Photographed by Ian Gilchrist.

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" *Mais, qu'est-ce que vous faites là ?* " M. l'Agent casts a suspicious eye through the television camera during the successful tests for the first cross-Channel O.B. from Calais, to mark the centenary of the first submarine telegraph cable between England and France.

Could anything be more typically French ? It is a scene from Musset's *Un Caprice*, which was recently broadcast by the television service of Radiodiffusion Française from their Paris studios. The players are members of the famous Comédie Française.

" *Must* you switch off and push every time we pass a brother televiewer ? "

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

THERE has been much discreet talk, recently, of internationalising television to the extent of an interchange of programmes between London and Paris. To this end, we cannot help feeling that the project of the first Outside Broadcast from the Continent—of the celebrations in Calais marking the centenary of the first cross-Channel submarine telegraph cable—was more in the nature of a technical feeler than anything else.

So, when we found ourselves passing through Paris the other day, we thought it would be quite an idea to have a preliminary look at French television. The fact that it was the public holiday of the Assumption did not deter us. Does not " Ally Pally " work as hard as ever on these occasions ? In Paris, however, the situation is different. After failing to get any reply from three different telephone numbers, we betook ourselves to the studios, only to find them completely deserted—with the exception of a sympathetic *pompier* who informed us politely that " *la Television française est en vacances* "—a fact which we had already gathered from the utter desolation around us.

True, there were transmissions, he added, but they weren't much to write home about—just old films. Nothing of any major interest would happen till about September. One began to get the glimmerings of an idea why the attitude of the French public towards television is inclined to be lukewarm.

However, two days later we found a skeleton staff of delightful people, all tremendously enthusiastic about television and most anxious to be of every assistance and to tell all about it. We could at least inspect the studios and the technical equipment and these—though we could not put the pudding to the gastronomic test—we found excellent and thoroughly up to date. If you could have seen your critic indulging in a pleasant little gossip (in French) about emitron cameras, the rival virtues of 445 and 819 line definitions, studio intercommunications and other such technical delights, you would have sympathised when, after two hours of it, he needed a couple of rapid *Amer Picons* to bring him round again !

But, though undeniably interesting, the overall picture of French television cannot yet claim to be impressive. At the moment, there are only about 10,000 receivers in operation, and the only transmitter is in Paris—though others are in the preparatory stage at Lille and elsewhere. The march forward is a slow one, mostly due to the vicious circle of finance. The Government subsidy is not large ; consequently ambitious programmes are not possible ; consequently the public is not over-enthusiastic to lay out a minimum of £70 on a set and pay £3 for a yearly licence ; consequently the Government, with such a limited public demand, see no urgent reason to increase its subsidy. At least, that is how the picture appears to us.

And so the outcome of any plan for an interchange of programmes between London and Paris needs cautious prediction. It might well happen that Paris, though not a sleeping partner, might prove a shade drowsy. Certainly our varied range of live programmes would be refreshing to the French who have to endure five antiquated films a week, an occasional variety programme, and a visit from the Comédie Française once a fortnight providing practically the only drama.

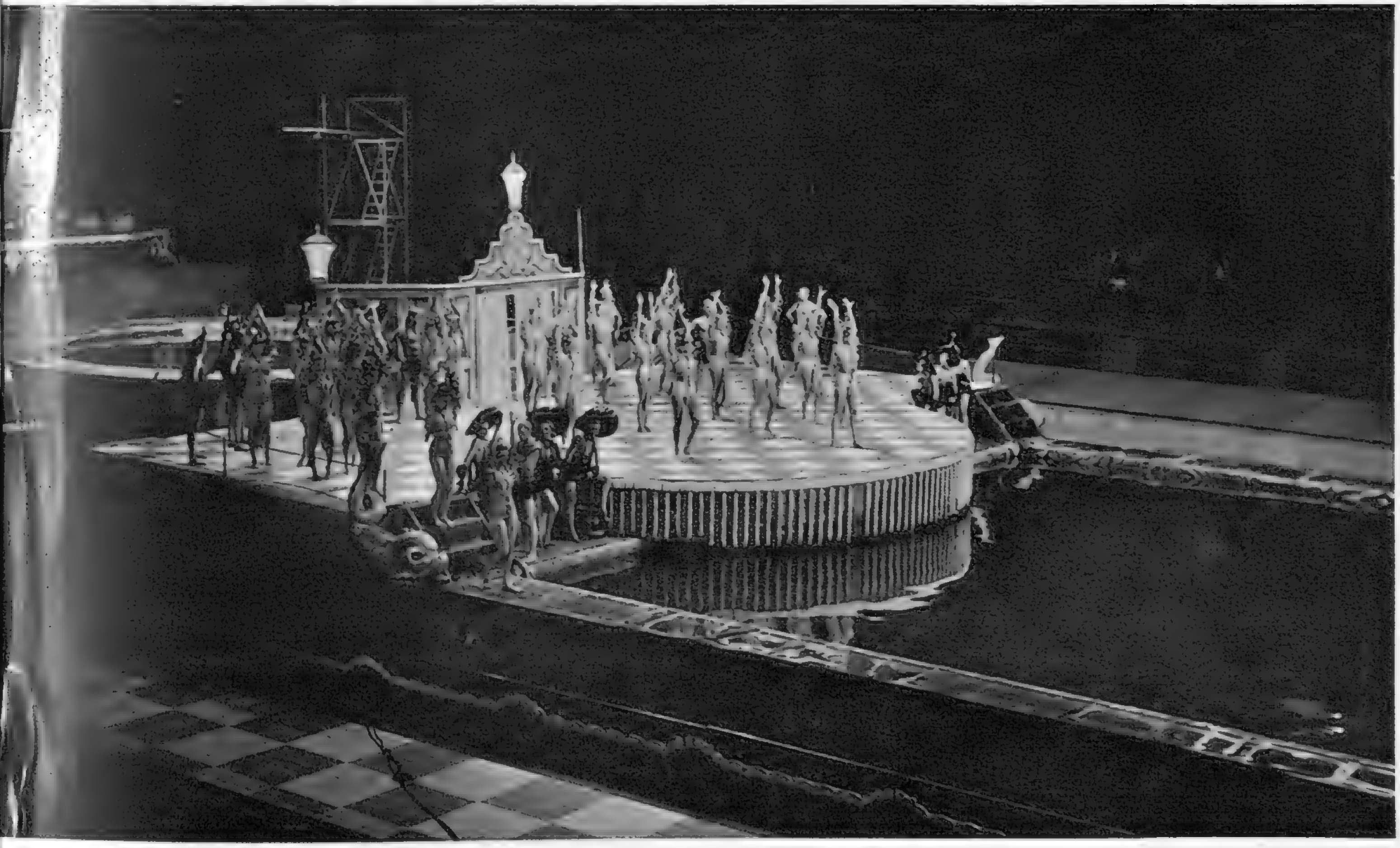
On the other hand, two very successful experiments must have given encouragement to those responsible for the plan. It will be remembered that Eric Fawcett took his brilliant production of *Pagliacci* to Paris earlier this year, with wonderful results. To repay the compliment, a company of the Comédie Française visited Alexandra Palace with an excerpt from *Othello*, which was certainly a memorable occasion.

Personally, we are all for the plan. An exchange of ideas is always a good thing, and the French can teach us a great deal, especially in the matter of taste and elegance, which are not the invariable features of our television productions. Anyway, we shall see what happens. And when we have seen, we shall doubtlessly have a moiety to say !

Ab , left: Moira Lister as Señora Maria and Alexander Archdale as Lieut.-General Picton cross swords verbally and amusingly in *The Bridge of Estaban*, a light-hearted comedy by Arthur Swinson. Producer Eric Fawcett steered this polished trifle with a sure hand.

A right: H. G. Wells's philosophical novel, *The History of Mr. Polly*, was most successfully adapted for television by Robert Christie. The production by ouglas Allen showed his usual delicacy of touch. Emrys Jones (left) as Mr. Polly gave a flawless but not necessarily memorable performance.

Be : Wine (or rather water), women and song. Part of *Aqua Parade of 1950* from the Empire Pool, Wembley, was televised recently. It provided exactly the right entertainment for those in holiday mood and those who like their viewing without too much intellectual garnish.



WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

These two visitors from the West Indies who, by their skill, have caused such anxiety, alarm and anguish to the best batsmen we can muster. In bowling their side to victory in the Test Matches, not only did Sonny Ramadhin and Alfred Valentine take 59 wickets for 1278 runs between them, but they pegged our scoring down with 367 maiden overs.

The centre figure above is Martin Boddey, founder of the Club, talking to Howard Marshall with Stephen Mitchell on his right.

Garry Marsh looks at the new club tie worn by Denis Price, while Guy Middleton looks on.

A NEW CLUB WITH A GOOD OBJECT.

MEMBERS of the artistic professions have bound themselves together with an elegant tie and the noble intention of raising funds for the National Playing Fields Association. The Club is called the Lord's Taverners, and its members must be well and truly partial to watching cricket. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, President of the N.P.F.A., has consented to be Patron and twelfth member of the Club. These three pictures show the first muster of members in and outside the Tavern at Lord's, from which the Club takes its name.

Club members outside the Tavern at Lord's (from l. to r.) : Nicholas Meredith, John Varley, Martin Boddey, (behind) Denis Price, Edgar Blatt, Guy Middleton, Jack Macnaughton, Cecil King, Abraham Sofaer, Michael Shepley, Paul Blake, Garry Marsh.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

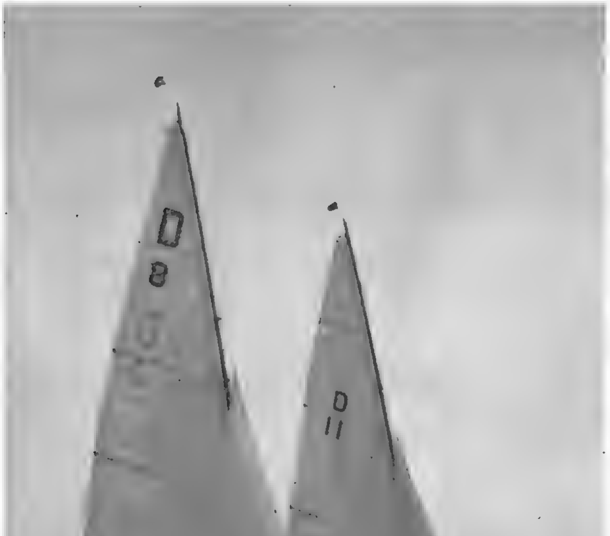
Photographed by Leigh Hyde

HUGH HASTINGS

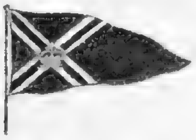
the thirty-three-year-old author of *Seagulls Over Sorrento*, now drawing crowded houses to the Apollo. Born in Australia, he was writing and cow-punching at the age of fifteen ; has been engineer, school teacher, newspaper reporter, film extra, composer and pianist ; joined the Navy at the beginning of the war as a rating, and finished up as a lieutenant. It was while playing juvenile lead in *Worm's Eye View* on tour that he wrote *Seagulls Over Sorrento* for Ronald Shiner.

Shireen (A. E. Wood) leading *Minoru* (R. D. Drake) to the finishing line in the main approach channel to Poole Harbour during Bournemouth and Poole Yachting Week. In the distance, under *Shireen's* sail-boom, can be seen Old Harry Rocks.

Below (left): Two Dolphins fighting it out in a Parkstone Yacht Club race. *Below (right)*: Coming ashore on the R.M.Y.C. pier at Sandbanks after a day's racing during the Bournemouth and Poole Yachting Week are (l. to r. in front) Mr. C. Glyn Baxter (joint owner of *Blue Cat*), Major A. C. Mackay (Secretary, R.M.Y.C.), Mr. Charles Taylor, M.P. (joint owner of *Blue Cat*), and Mr. Kenneth Pickthorne, M.P.



EXTRACTS FROM THE LOGS OF THE YACHT CLUBS IN POOLE HARBOUR



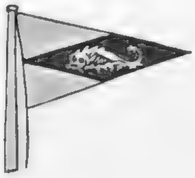
ROYAL MOTOR YACHT CLUB, SANDBANKS.

The R.M.Y.C. shares with the Royal Yacht Squadron the honour of having H.M. the King as Admiral in Command. Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten is, as seems fitting, Vice-Admiral.

Though the Club is more national than local, it has its headquarters at Sandbanks, at the entrance to Poole Harbour.

More than 390 craft of over 2½ tons are on the register, and spread over the Commonwealth and Great Britain there are 1000 members or more.

Major A. C. Mackay,
Secretary.



POOLE HARBOUR YACHT CLUB, PARKSTONE.

Club House, having been on "active service" all the war, was reopened in its present form on July 3, 1949, and now has 450 members. The yachting facilities include a large dock in which craft up to 6 ft. draft may lie afloat, while the app..ach channel alongside the Club's jetty gives direct access to .. main channel at all states of the tide.

Y.R.A. has allotted to this Club the National Firefly an.. Swordfish Championships, for which a record entry of m...than 100 boats are fighting it out from Monday to Saturday ..veek—August 28 to September 2.

R. H. Broome, Lt.-Col. (Ret.)
Hon. Secretary.

PARKSTONE YACHT CLUB.

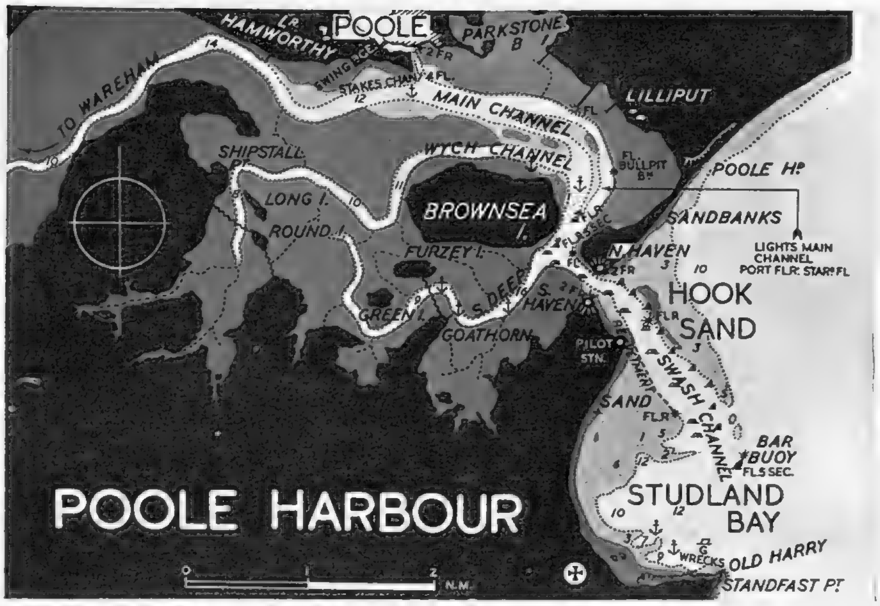
The Parkstone Yacht Club was founded in 1895 as the Parkstone Sailing Club, and now has about 1000 members.

Class racing at the P.Y.C. consists of the X Class, Dolphins and Porchester Ducks, which are very popular during the school holidays.

A great feature of the Club is that it has its own slips and laying-up yard, with an efficient staff who can carry out all repairs and upkeep. At the same time, members are strongly encouraged to do their own work on their boats during the winter.

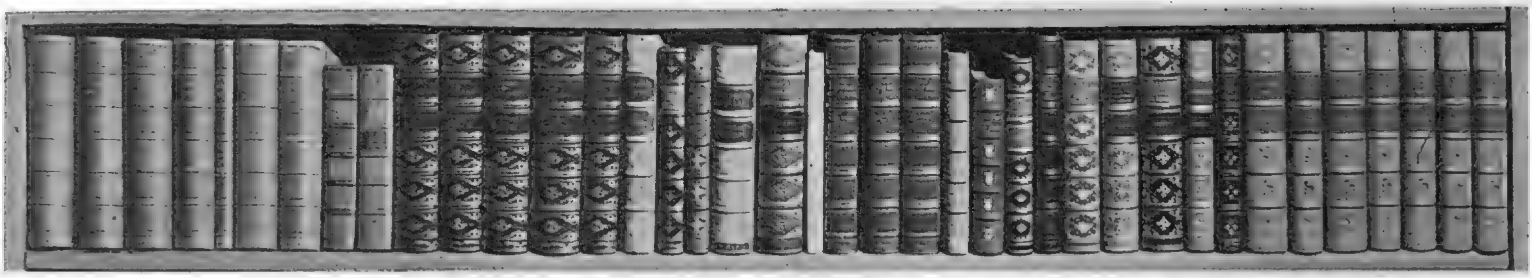
During the winter months dances are held and lectures on various subjects are given.

P. J. B. Oakley,
Secretary.



From "Pocket Pilot for the South Coast," by K. Adlard Coles (Faber; 12s. 6d.)
Dotted outline to channels shows the one-fathom line.

Above: Running refit to a "Duck." *Below:* The start, off Bournemouth Pier, of the annual race to Cherbourg.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE WITNESS. By Jean Bloch-Michel. (*Gollancz ; 8s. 6d.*)

OUR SPOONS CAME FROM WOOLWORTH'S. By Barbara Comyns. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 9s. 6d.*)

DARK GREEN, BRIGHT RED. By Gore Vidal. (*Lehmann ; 10s. 6d.*)

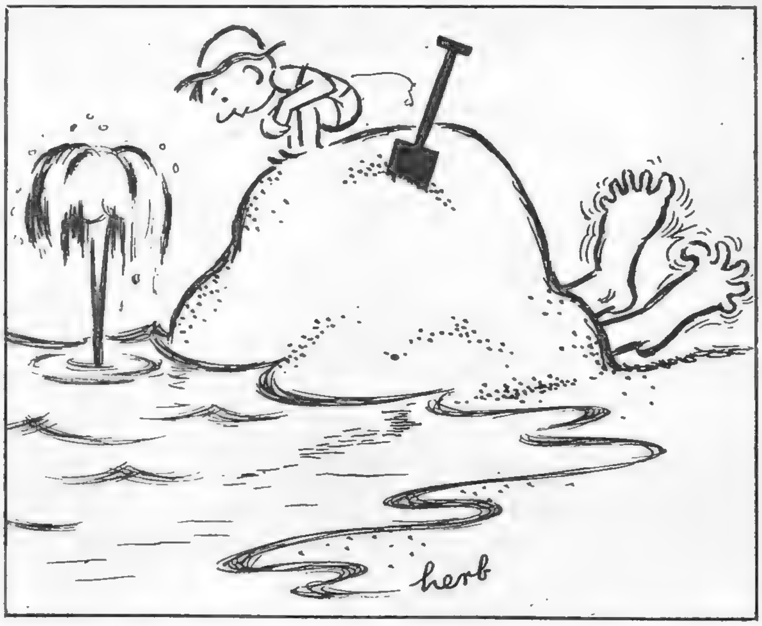
DEADLY MISS ASHLEY. By Stephen Ransome. (*Gollancz ; 9s.*)

WE seem to be passing through the doldrums of the year's publishing, and the year itself has so far been anything but an exciting one. Of the books before me, the most interesting is a translation, and beyond this and a few detective novels, there is little to recommend with enthusiasm. *The Witness*, a first novel by a young Frenchman, is well translated by Eithne Wilkins. M. Bloch-Michel has done a bold thing in choosing a theme which has been used, once and for all one would have said, by Joseph Conrad in *Lord Jim*—the effect on a sensitive young man of his one act of cowardice. Even the form this takes differs little in the two stories, for Jim saved himself from what he believed to be a sinking ship and M. Bloch-Michel's central character from his drowning brother. Each tries to live down his own shame and each finds a partial escape from the past only in life with the woman he loves. And yet this is not an unoriginal book and it would not be surprising to learn that its author had never read *Lord Jim*. His language is lively and lucid, and he resists the temptation to indulge in long passages of Russian introspection. And although the story is a somewhat dismal one it has genuine feeling in it.

ANOTHER novel written in the first person is *Our Spoons Came from Woolworth's*, by Barbara Comyns. It is the story of a young woman who reveals herself in narrative to be so vapid and naïve that one wonders how she could possibly have told her own story. She is likeable, too, as stupid people in novels so often, and in life so rarely, are. She marries an artist of her own age, and they attempt, rather half-heartedly, to make a life together in London with practically no money, taste, experience or discrimination. The grisly details of their poverty on the sea-coast of a pre-war Bohemia, which spread from Haverstock Hill to Camden Town, their fears and occasional rather silly dissipations, their acquaintances and their basement flat, is told with an authenticity which renders it almost macabre, so plainly recognisable are its ghosts and goblins. The heroine feels that her story will "never be a real book that business men in trains will read," and wishes that she knew more about words. The author, on the other hand, knows an uncanny deal about them, and about the people she describes and the background to their needlessly sordid life. And she communicates it with a sympathetic chuckle which makes her book excellent reading.

THAT is more than I can say for Mr. Vidal, who as a writer seems to live, like Henry I., under an oath never to smile again. He tells the story of an unsuccessful revolution in Central America in which a young man, inevitably named Peter Nelson and recently court-martialled from the U.S. Army, distinguishes himself. It is a grim and gloomy story ending in treachery and debacle, and it is told patiently, steadily and rather lifelessly. One has a feeling that one ought to be very interested in the pathetic figure of General Alvarez, who is trying to regain his dictatorship of the country, but for some reason one finds him a bore, even at the last when, in the moment of complete failure, he becomes hysterical and screams. One also feels that one should be a little in love with his daughter Elena, whose "legs were long, well-shaped, the ankles slim ; she had a narrow waist and small bones and, with this basic structure, she might yet avoid the obesity, the inevitable shapelessness of the women of her race. Was she part Indian ? She could be : her cheeks were wide and her eyes Indian-black, but the nose and the mouth were Spanish. She was nineteen, he remembered." Nineteen—but one finds that she talks like a woman having eleven o'clock coffee in a Kensington tea-shop : "we have so little music or ballet and there's no theatre at all." One ought to be stirred and entranced by the revolution, too, but one isn't, because just as in *The City and the Pillar*, Mr. Vidal turns his golden material to lead.

LASTLY, we have at least a good straight detective story. Almost at once one begins to catch glimpses of the *Deadly Miss Ashley*, the murderess who kills not with poison, but by stabbing or throwing her victims from skyscraper windows as she saunters about Manhattan with an Afghan hound. She wears mink on the hottest day of the year and such outlandish hats that no one who sees her strange get-up thinks of studying her features, so that she is not identified until the last page or so. The cunning and experienced reader does not need to be told that Miss Ashley has only a limited existence, that she is a part-time being, as it were, created by some other person for specific and criminal purposes. One of these turns out to be the turning of money into readily portable jewellery ; another, as it happens, is murder. Her identity as eventually stated by the author is frankly unbelievable, for reasons which cannot be stated without giving away an ingenious if incredible solution. But she leads the two friendly detectives, Lucas Speare and Shyler Cole, not to mention the reader, a pretty dance before coming to her own unpleasant end. These two look like joining the most exclusive circle of fictional detectives, for instead of having monstrous eccentricities to distinguish them, they are sensible, hard-working chaps who insist on being paid for their efforts. One really can believe in their Agency, and there are not many such being run for the benefit of crime-book fans which might exist in fact. A very good thriller.



FROM EDINBURGH TO COVENT GARDEN

THE popular ballet *Fancy Free* is again in the repertoire of the American National Ballet Theatre, who have just opened a two-weeks season at the Opera House, Covent Garden, after taking part in the Edinburgh Festival. The last time they danced here was during the summer of 1946.

Jerome Robbins' effervescent *Fancy Free* tells the story of three sailors (danced by Paul Godkin, Eric Braun and John Kriza) enjoying shore leave in New York City, and the stage is set in a side street bar one hot summer night. They pick up two girls (Allyn McLerie, Norma Vance), but that is one too few and leads to complications. A third girl (Mary Barr) turns up later—too late (see top picture).

At the close of the short season on September 9, the Company starts an extensive European tour, appearing at Geneva, Lausanne, Milan, Vienna, Rome and Paris, before going on to Cairo and Alexandria. They plan to be back home in America for Christmas.

Photographed by Baron

"TRIO," though not as good as *Quartet*, certainly does repay a visit. Above, in a scene from *Mr. Knowall*, are (l. to r.) Naunton Wayne, Colin Clive, Anne Crawford and Nigel Patrick.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"FANCY PANTS."—Broad-comedy brother to *Ruggles of Red Gap*, with Bob Hope posing as an English gentleman's gentleman to a rancher's family in New Mexico. The British will grin, and bear it.

"COLT '45."—Unabashed Western hokum, complete with Indians and stage-coach bandits, which should get an uproarious welcome at any level. Intended as an advocate of the Colt '45, it leaves one with a firm belief in the future of the arrow.

"NIGHT UNTO NIGHT."—An underlit and morbid little piece about a girl whose love-life is no picnic, and who escapes from the ghost of her drowned husband only to attach herself to a man with epilepsy. With Ronald Reagan and the attractive Viveca Lindfors.

"ROCKETSHIP X-M."—Dreadful warning to ardent scientists about to undertake an expedition to the moon with a lady expert in charge of the fuel. They won't be able to live to regret it.

"THE GUNFIGHTER," a Western thriller with an air of sustained suspense. Gregory Peck (right) plays the part of Ringo, a gunman wanted for twelve killings.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS *by* C. A. LEJEUNE

"TRIO"

A COUPLE of years ago Sydney Box, of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, had the bright idea of making film audiences author-conscious by producing omnibus works from the short stories of famous writers; starring, as the storyteller, the writer himself. His first subject—and, as it eventually turned out, his only subject—was Somerset Maugham. Five of his stories were chosen, and the film was to be called *Quintet*. In production, however, one story, "The Sanatorium," was dropped, and the piece appeared as *Quartet*. But Mr. Box didn't discard "The Sanatorium." He made it the *pièce de résistance* of a new film, brought in two Maugham comic trifles to go with it, and called the thing *Trio*.

Trio, let it be said at once, is not as good a job as *Quartet*. There is nothing here with the bland irony of "The Colonel's Lady" (although Mr. Box did allow the end of that brilliant story to be ruined), nor th[e] attack of "The Kite." The acting is in some cases quite flabby, and neither of the directors, Ken Annakin and Harold French, seems really at the top of his form. Nevertheless, Mr. Maugham can tell such a very much better anecdote, and tell it so very much more adroitly, than most people whose little things are adapted for the screen, that *Trio*, taken by and large, does really repay a visit.

The collection consists of "The Verger," "Mr. Knowall," and "The Sanatorium," in that order. My own selection is "Mr. Knowall," which will stick longest in the memory, I think, on account of Nigel Patrick's superbly funny imitation of a detestable chap who is the life and soul of the party on shipboard. "The Verger" is a Cockney trifle, done with a touch of malice behind the broad humour, about a hard-working little man who is sacked from a fashionable church because he is illiterate; makes a fortune with a chain of tobacco shops; and when felicitated by a bank manager who observes "Where *would* you be to-day if you could only read and write!"—replies with acrid truth, "At St. Peter's as a verger."

"The Sanatorium," from which *Trio* sprang, is a bitter-sweet story about a romance between a couple of patients in a sanatorium for consumptives in Scotland. Jean Simmons and Michael Rennie play the lovers with perhaps more tenderness than skill. This sort of thing, which demands a good deal of knowledge of the human mind matured by suffering, is still a bit beyond Miss Simmons' reach. The character parts are the best things in "The Sanatorium," and Finlay Currie and John Laurie, as a couple of patients whose mutual delight lies in making each other's lives a hell, supply the best of the character-acting.

★

"THE GUNFIGHTER"

I WAS not in the least surprised to learn, from my American papers, that Gregory Peck was doing some form of *The Gunfighter* as a cabaret act in New York. I was very much surprised indeed to learn, from my synopsis, that the film itself was based on a story, and not an original stage-play. With the exception of *The Petrified Forest*, which falls into a rather different category, and was indeed a stage-play, I can think of no Western that observes more closely the drama's classic unities of time, place and action.

The scene is a big, empty, bright saloon in the pioneer town of Cayenne; the time, eight o'clock on a sunny morning. Into the saloon comes a tired and hungry man called Ringo (Gregory Peck), who is wanted in various States for twelve killings, and is known as "the top gun of the West." Ringo doesn't intend to make any trouble in Cayenne. He has simply come to see his wife and child, who left him several years ago. But the news of his arrival spreads panic and excitement through the town.

In the meantime, three gunmen with excellent reasons for killing Ringo are advancing on the town. They will reach Cayenne by eleven; there will certainly be shooting in the saloon. The town's marshal (Millard Mitchell) urges Ringo to move on. He replies that he will go as soon as he has seen his wife and child. The local equivalent of the Townswomen's Guild, bead tippets and jet ornaments and all, forms a deputation to eject him. Very politely, he refuses to budge. The minutes tick by on the big wall-clock. The Marshal grows desperate, for even if the wife and child turn up, it would seem as if Ringo had left his escape too late. No fewer than five people are now waiting to shoot him, as soon as he sets foot outside the saloon; the gunmen in a barn, an old man with a shotgun at a window across the road, and a young hooligan lurking in the shadow of a wall, who is jealous of Ringo's reputation as the top gun of the West.

The film may not do for people who insist on plenty of room and movement in their Westerns, but it will do very well for me, although I could have dispensed with the church service with which Hollywood thought fit to end it.

CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEWS

THE CLOUDED YELLOW which, incidentally, is the name of a rare species of butterfly, is a modern adventure story with a country-house setting. A strange young girl, Sophie, is suspected of a vicious murder. Staying in the same house is David Somers, one-time Secret Service agent, who helps to clear her and trap the real murderer. In the end there is an exciting roof-top chase, during which the killer tries to murder Sophie in full view of the enclosing police cordon. Jean Simmons and Trevor Howard have the leading rôles in this film, which has just been completed at Pinewood Studios.

On the right, the Police Inspector (Geoffrey Keen) interrogates Sophie (Jean Simmons) after the discovery of the murdered man.

Below, ex-Secret Service agent David Somers (Trevor Howard, left) contacts a Greek taxidermist (Eric Pohlmann) and his daughter (Sandra Dorne) in connection with his efforts to save Sophie.

STAGE.—Diana Wynyard : For so firmly creating, without much help from her author, a principal part in the gay comedy of *Captain Carvallo* at the St. James's Theatre.

LITERATURE.—M. Jean Bloch-Michel : For his fine, thoughtful first novel, *The Witness.*

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Lester Ferguson : a tenor making headway swiftly with "Your Song Parade."

SCREEN.—Skip Homeier, whom you may remember as the dreadful child Nazi in *To-morrow the World*, and who now returns to the screen with a terrifying study of an adolescent killer in *The Gunfighter*.

Pears
Embassy soap
Beautiful women know how important to loveliness is the gentle care of Embassy Soap. Only a *mild* soap cleanses delicate skin without the risk of causing roughness, and Embassy Soap is *truly mild*, made by Pears to help keep the complexion smooth, clear and fresh!
Pears Embassy soap
Look for the lovely blue and gold wrapper 8½D.
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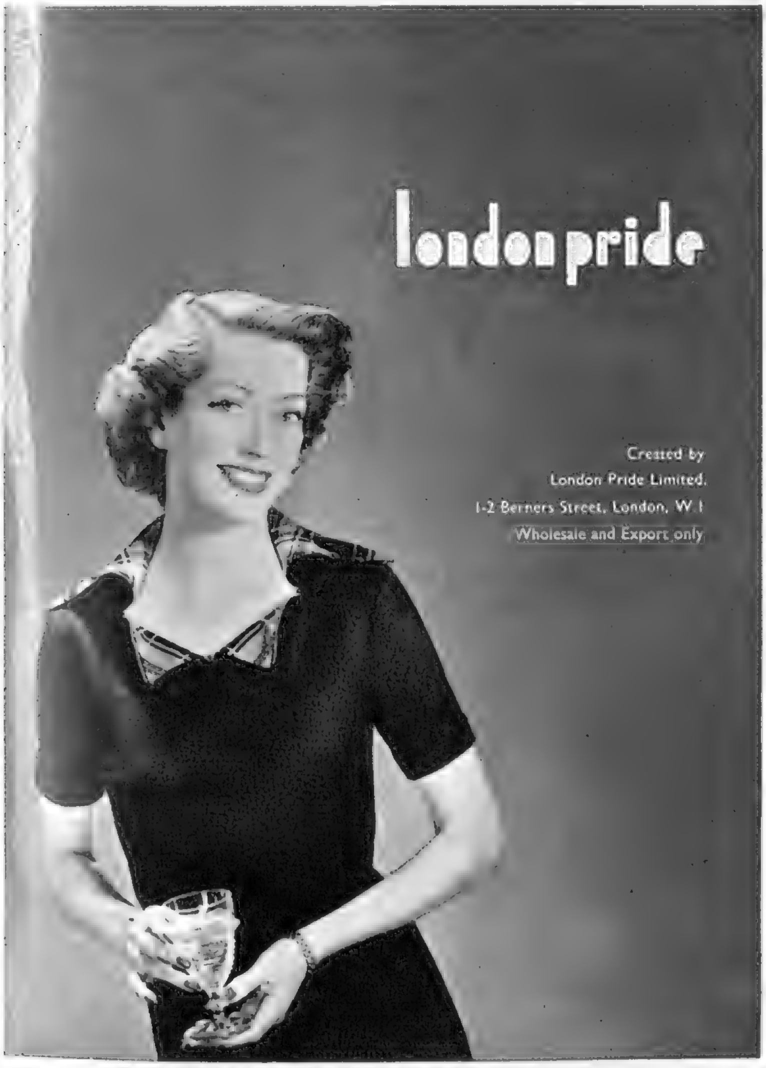
Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE ST. LONDON. W.1
Mushroom-coloured velvet hat with an underlined brim of black velvet. Made to order in special colours. Model Millinery First Floor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"KumFees"
by
Holmes
NORWICH

Couture off the peg

By Elizabeth Penrose

A NEW venture for the internationally famous fabric house of Jacqmar is the production at couture standard of ready-to-wear suits and coats which retail at prices within the reach of all.

At workrooms in Grosvenor Street, newly-equipped with the latest American machinery, a production staff fresh from New York, with up-to-the-minute American technique, carries out this new high-grade volume production in a revolutionary way.

The tailoring is done on a new sizing system. The proportions of the design are meticulously graded so that details such as pockets and revers are adjusted to larger or smaller fittings. All the skirts are lined to eliminate stretching, and some suits are provided with an alternate skirt in a plain or toning material, or in a different style. A slim skirt for town, and a pleated-all-round-one for the country gives your suit a double life.

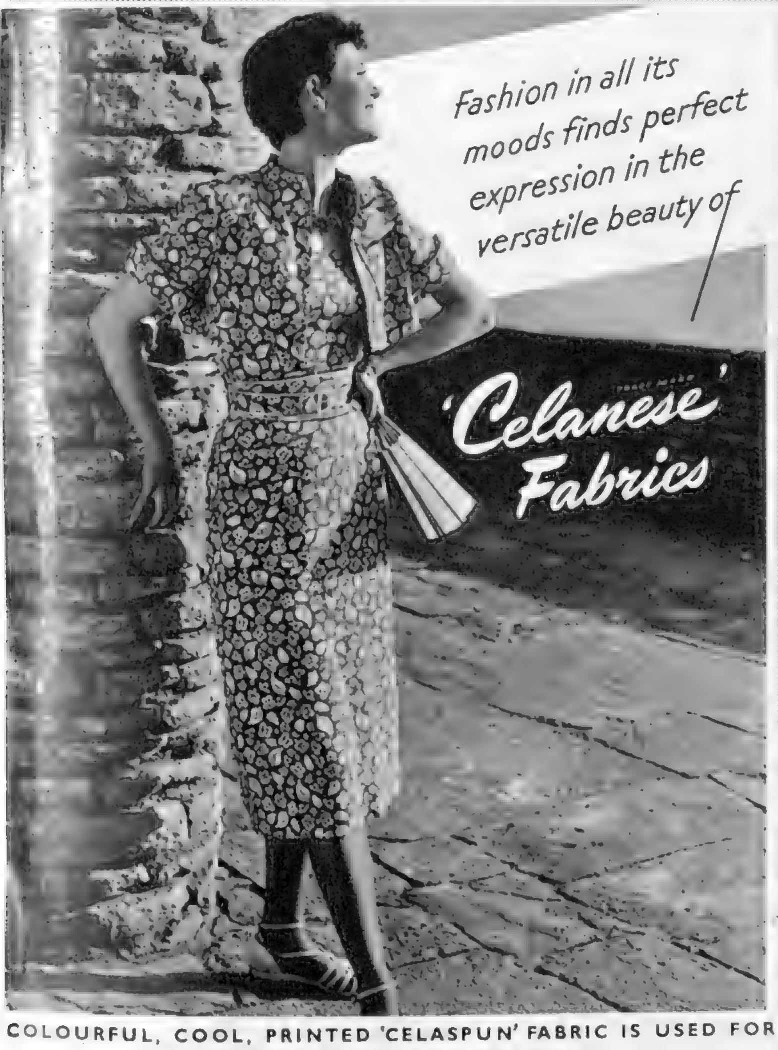
Styles are by top-flight designers and the famous Vincent Monte-Sano of New York. Materials are all exclusive to Jacqmar, and include some lovely autumn woollens, lightweight gabardines and bird's-eye tweed. Swotches of the fabrics are available for each style at leading fashion stores throughout the country, so that garments can be ordered in the customer's preferred colour, weight and weave.

★ ★ ★

Two trimly-tailored suits are typical of the classic tailoring of Jacqmar's Ready-to-Wear clothes. The button-two above is in Yorkshire bird's-eye suiting in softly-blended shades of tangerine and grey. Note the clever arrangement of pockets, the cut of the lapel and the price—24½ guineas, at Dickins and Jones, Bon Marché of Liverpool.

The double-breasted suit on the left in black worsted barathea has the new horseshoe neckline to bring luck to the smart woman who wears it. It sells at 29 guineas at Jacqmar's new salon in Grosvenor Street, Harrods, Jenners of Edinburgh, and leading provincial stores.

SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 1234



COLOURFUL, COOL, PRINTED 'CELASPUN' FABRIC IS USED FOR VOGUE PATTERN S.4056

Sweaters with a difference

By Elizabeth Penrose

ONE of the most imaginative sweater collections this autumn comes from the house of Dorville, and these four eye-catching models indicate the variety of their range. Look out also for their off - the - shoulder evening models, and many heavily and exquisitely embroidered in contrasting colours. There are sweaters in fine cotton with cap sleeves or no sleeves at all, and hip-length striped sweatshirts for holidays.

★ ★ ★

Top left:

A detachable white Puritan collar transforms a short-sleeved batwing sweater and rings the changes. About £5. From Joan Russell, Kensington Church Street; Barrance and Fords, Brighton.

Top centre:

The shirt collar and wool bow-tie, and the unusual cuffed yoke make a plain wool sweater something to notice. In most colours, it sells at £7 6s. from Joan Russell, Kensington Church Street; Whitehead and Entwhistle, Blackburn.

Top right:

A scarlet wool sweater has a wrap-over bodice which ties in a sash at the waist. Tuck in a white rose for evening. £9 17s. from Mikla of Wigmore Street; Books of Sunderland.

Right:

A sage-coloured silk jersey sweater has tomato wool ribbing at the neckline, welt and cuffs. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge; Samuels, Manchester.

Jersey Separate

"for a change"

BY

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By Appointment

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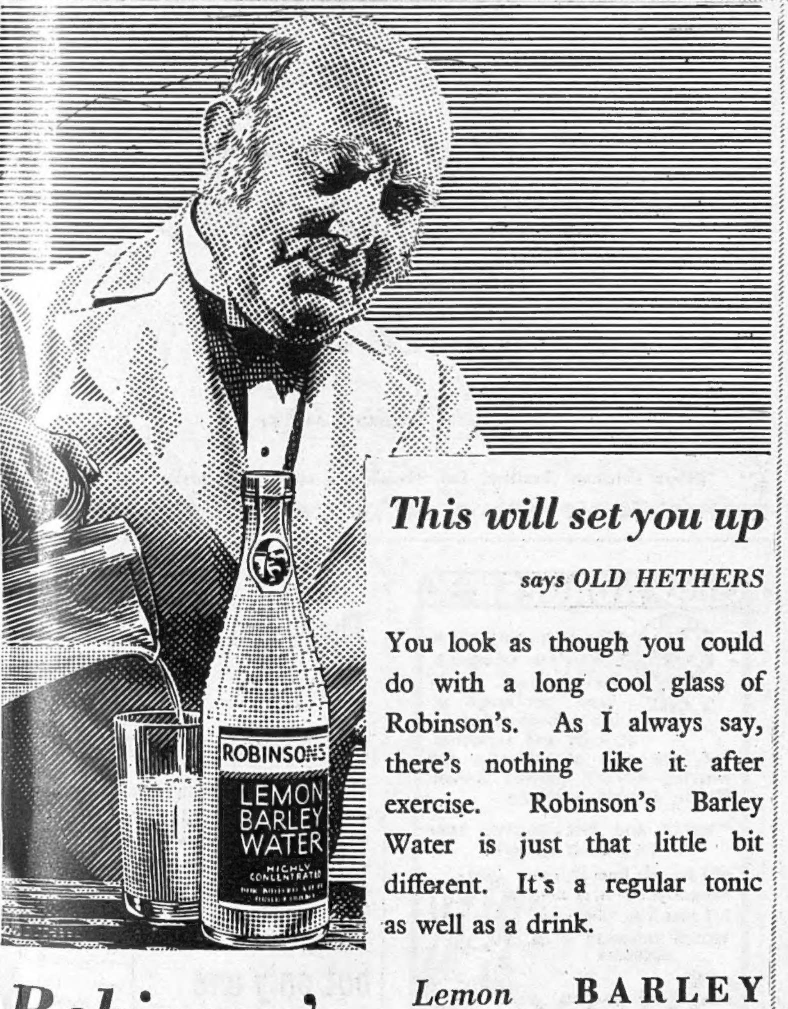


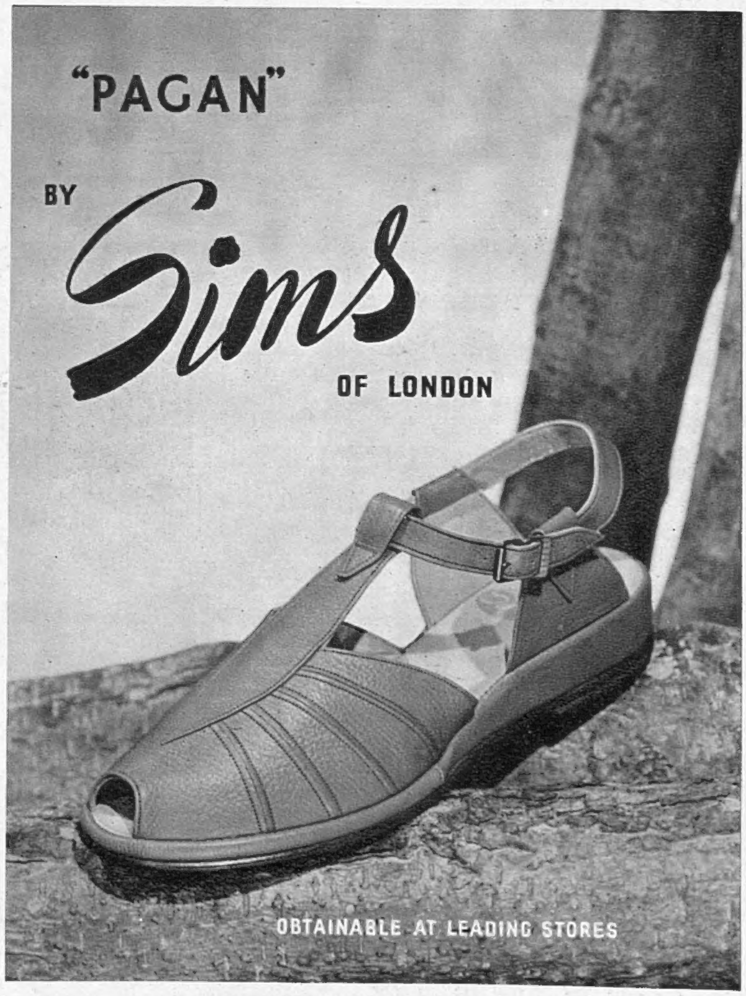
This will set you up

says OLD HETHERS

You look as though you could do with a long cool glass of Robinson's. As I always say, there's nothing like it after exercise. Robinson's Barley Water is just that little bit different. It's a regular tonic as well as a drink.

Robinson's *Lemon or Orange* **BARLEY WATER**

CVS-230S



The Odd Half-Page

THE BEES' WEDDING

By Frank Stuart

IN the centre of the beehive there rose a little sound and shrill, like the blowing of a fairy horn. A shiver of awe ran up and down the waxen streets of the bees' city, and sixty thousand inhabitants stood still.

From inside the queen-cell that hung like a tiny temple above the golden comb there was a stirring of wings unfolding, a breath as of a spirit passing, an elfin touching and scratching of something trying to be free, and then again that tiny piping. The lid of the little temple slowly rose, and a virgin queen bee crept out.

As she ran down among the combs, work recommenced—the fanners swung their wings to restart the air-conditioning, the sentries tramped in the entrance, the nurses fussed over their half-born babies, the workers shot golden nectar into ten thousand cells.

The young queen drank deep at a honey cell, then flexed her muscles ready for murder. Lifting her head, she piped again, shrill and fierce. From three other queen-cells whose seals still closed them, there came faint, piping answers, little and pitiful.

The virgin bit away the waxen lid of the first cell, and looked at her own sister, mystically gowned in a shining shroud. She was alive; her open eyes were forced to look upon her own destruction; for her attacker carefully tore away the silk wrapping whose warmth meant life, its lack, death. . . . Soon, the nymph's body ceased to writhe; death had come.

The next nymph-princess, having been exposed, was deliberately stung by her sister, who sought the tenderest place in which to insert a scimitar-like point. The attacker turned round and round to release the fatal blade, sheathed it and moved on. The next victim was dragged out and flung down between the combs into everlasting darkness.

Behind the virgin executioner, as she murdered every one of her royal unborn sisters, came a squad of workers who cut down the queen-cells, leaving only their bases like acorn-cups hanging from the combs.

The bees shrank from this virgin vengeance. When she had done, she drank more honey. Then she ran lightly down to the shaft of sunlight that showed the hive exit to the outer world. Like a spirit she passed through the bustling throng of bees there, spread her wings and gave her body to the air.

Noting every tiny thing that marked her home, so that she who had never till then seen daylight might find this place again, she circled up towards the unknown sky. As she went, she piped again, on a deeper note, as from a reed with its heart torn out.

A score of drone bees standing about the entrance felt the wings rise on their shoulders. With a roar as of distant aircraft they took off in purposeful pursuit.

Wildly exulting, the young queen climbed towards the sun, and the world shrank away below like a falling star, while the heavier drones beat after her, following a beauty that none might pursue and live. First one, then another, broke his heart in that tremendous chase, turned over and plummeted down to dusty death. So Nature ordains that the race shall be perpetuated by the strongest.

Only ten pursuers left . . . now five . . . now one. Then, folding their wings about each other, brother and sister bee locked in a flame of rose in the Elysian blue while he throbbed out his life. Suddenly, she fell away, casting his spent body down the gulf of air.

Spinning sated down the blue sky, the mated queen presently identified the hill, the garden, the hive where she belonged. Stored in her body now was the whole future of her race; she could lay eggs that would hatch into more than half-a-million neuter worker bees, or by the voluntary movement of a muscle, decree that hundreds of her eggs should turn to male drones, or bring to birth scores of fully feminine queens like herself.

The bee community knew that now destiny was with her, for as she landed at the hive entrance they set up a tremendous roar of royal welcome, escorted her in thousands into the hive, began to clean her, wash her wings with their tongues, offer her the choicest honey, and crowd about her, each hoping to be appointed as one of that circle of "maids of honour" who always surround a working queen.

She must live now, perhaps for three years, while generation after generation of her children must die in her sight. Perhaps she would never see the sunlight and the flowers again, but live out her whole existence in the dimness of the hive, a priestess devoted to the cult of life itself.

She looks into an empty, polished cell. The first egg shall lie there. Farewell, now, to the earth's beauty. A lifework must be begun. . . .

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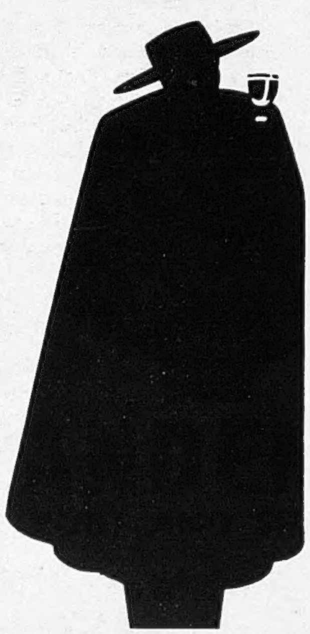

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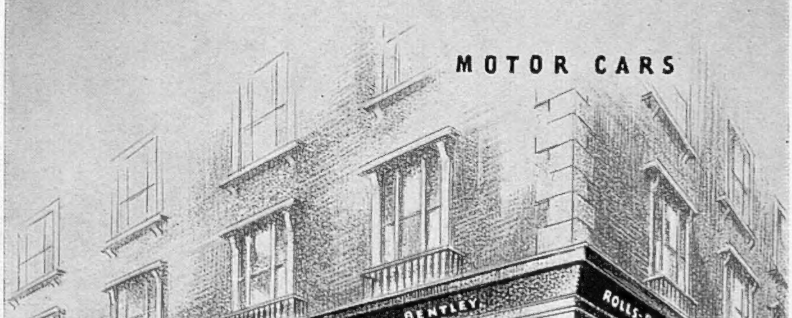

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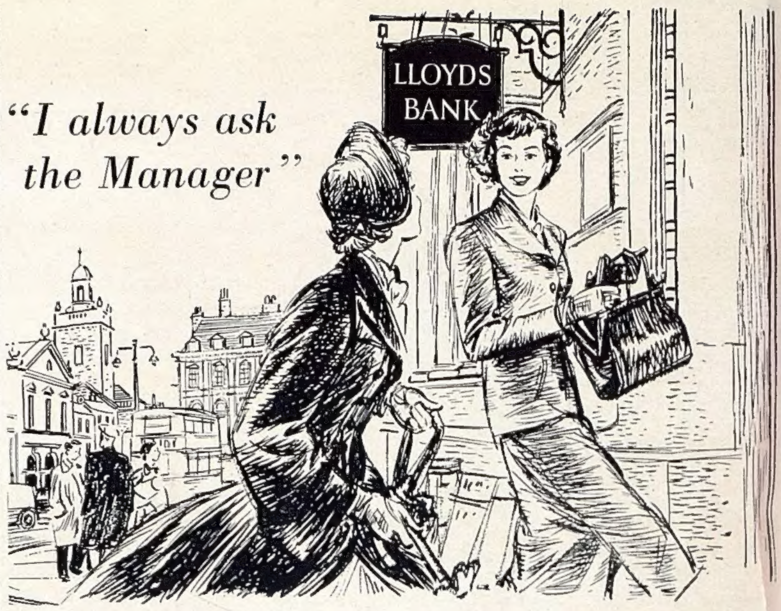

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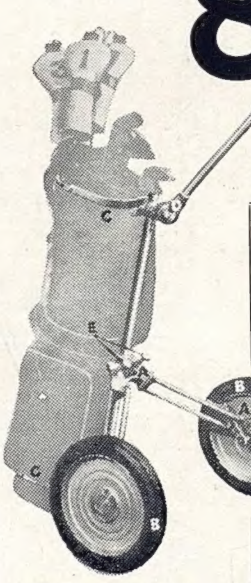

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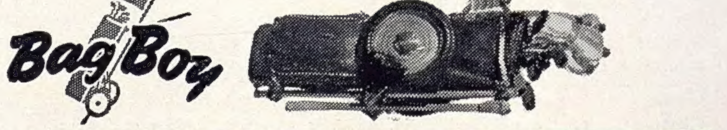

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